Prepare for more Zepp. 'Frightfulness' by signing Coupon Page iii of Covr.

A 438289

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. 551. SATURDAY. DECEMBER 23, 9. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

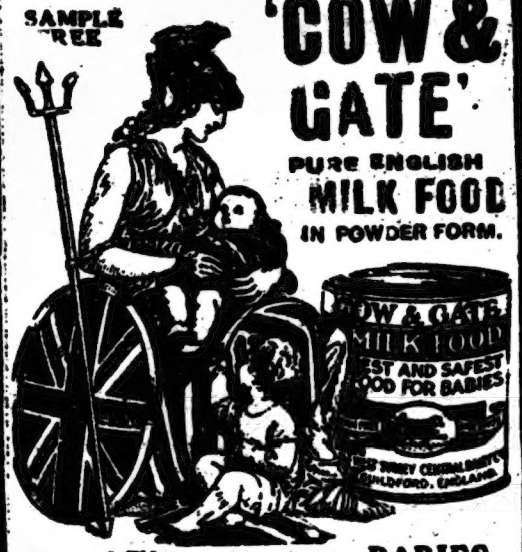
A Healthy, Happy BABY!

is what you want YOUR child to be. Let him have the best chance. Put him on

SAMPLE FREE

'COW & GATE'

PURE ENGLISH MILK FOOD IN POWDER FORM.



HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES THE EMPIRE'S NEED.

TRY THIS PURE MILK FOOD NOW. Initiate, promote, and maintain the health and vigour of YOUR Baby by using the famous 'Cow and Gate' Pure English Milk Food in powder form. Purity, ease of digestion, and highest nutritive value make this food

The perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. Saves the lives of delicate infants.

Makes them strong and vigorous. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

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Money buys more at the "Midland."

Go by the facts. Furnish at the "Midland. Come and see the £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to-day. The range of choice is so large that you can't help finding the very thing you've set your heart on.

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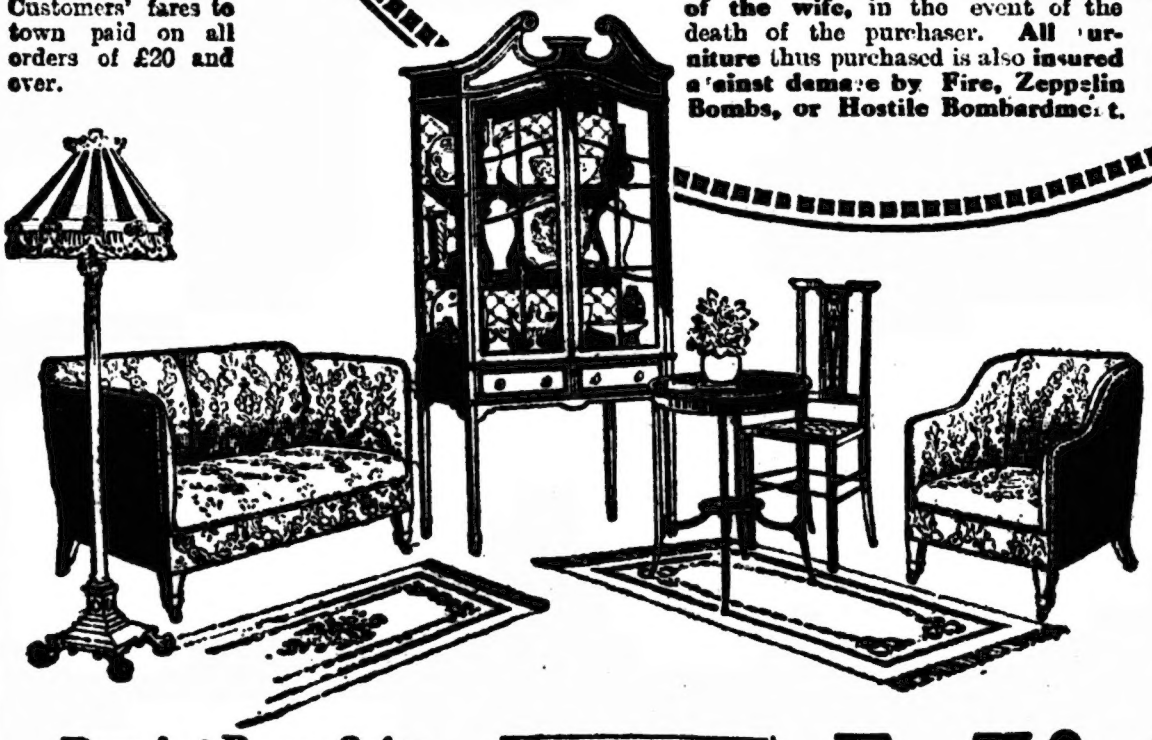

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(Town or Country).

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£200	- 5	10	0
£500	- 13	15	0

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"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

Over 7,000 pictures in the six volumes now ready—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates—exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities—and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

"John Bull" Guarantees these Splendid War Volumes
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If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.
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Mr H G Wells
Sir Gilbert Parker Bt

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The six volumes, now ready, contain over 7,000 pictures, including a wealth of colour plates.

SIX volumes of the "War Illustrated Album-de Luxe" are now ready for delivery. The work will rank as the most thrillingly interesting of all the War Publications. Great Living Thinkers, Writers and Artists have combined to produce a wonderful Art-Gallery-and-Literature-Library of the greatest armed struggle in the world's long history.

LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. **Mr. H. G. Wells**, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War": **Mr. John Redmond, M.P.**, has a thrilling article on "The Miracle of Ireland"; while from the pen of **Lord Northcliffe** there is a graphic chapter on "The Struggle for Verdun"—the greatest of all battles in the world's history. Other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

PICTORIALLY the work is supreme—without peer. Over seven thousand beautiful pictures in the six volumes—including a great wealth of colour plates exclusive photographs from the fighting lines, and excellent maps. The arrangement of the sections visualises the progress of arms and the conditions of the fighting in the several zones of conflict, and the whole constitutes a veritable grand panorama of the great war.

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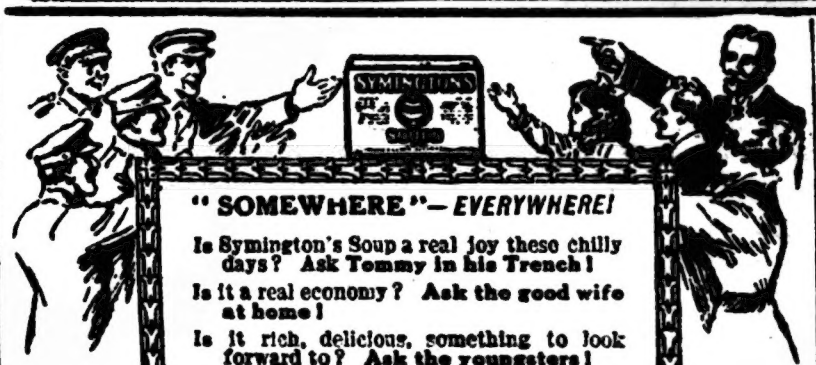

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 551. Week ending Saturday, December 23rd, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Christmas.

We do not, this year, go through the form of wishing our readers a "Merry Christmas"—all our hearts are too full of grief—for the past twelve months have been a terrible awakening. Still, we *may*, next week, talk of a "Happy New Year."

To Tommy and Jack.

We cannot hope to vie with the poetic splendour of the Poet Laureate, but here's luck and fond thoughts! Grand fellows all. God bless you!

Tino, the Monkey.

Not for the first time, Constantine has climbed down the stick, only to wait his chance of climbing up again, like the mean monkey he is. Do not trust him, gentle Allies, or he will betray you again. There must be no more wireless to Berlin.

Watch Austria!

We repeat our advice of a fortnight ago. Don't be surprised at anything. The Kaiser is not having it all his own way with the new Emperor.

"If I May——!"

Did you notice that phrase which Mr. McKenna used in his first reference to Mr. Bonar Law in the House—"My right hon. friend, *if I may still call him so*"? These are the little pointers which tell you how the game is going to be played by the "Patriotic Opposition."

The Submarine Menace.

Would it be permissible to ask whether, during the past ten days, any—and, if so, how many—submarines have been sunk in the Channel; and whether, in addition, any—and if so, how many—more have been brought into port? Stick it, Carson!

Our New Role!

According to the *Daily News*, we are one of the journals which "make the night of war hideous with our perpetual howling"—which, in addition to advertising ourselves, and the other "yapping curs," keeps "jumpy people in continual alarm." Who shall call us a "fatuous optimist" after this?

"Education."

Will the new Education Minister just try to shake off his University prejudices, and bring in a short Act releasing from school attendance all children capable of assisting on farms or doing other useful work—for the duration of the war? Never mind when William the Conqueror came to the throne!

Food and the Controller.

Now that the Food Controller is getting to work, look out for some big surprises. Lord Devonport is preparing a dramatic Declaration.

Reward of Merit.

Notice is hereby given that the Kaiser, through Hindenburg, has awarded himself the Iron Cross. His Satanic Majesty believes that even the Devil should have his due.

The Sub. and the Lady.

While it is good to know that the young officer whose case was the subject of the special War Office Inquiry has left the Court without a stain on his character, we are still without information concerning the lady in the case.

Wit Sarcastic.

From Golcar comes the suggestion that we should enlist. "Then the war would be over in a month. The Germans would throw down their arms in disgust; and the country would know whom it had to thank for finishing the war." Well, send along the 2s. 9d.—even if our chest measurement *is* in the wrong place!

"Tay Pay" as Censor.

Our friend "Tay Pay" has tried his hand at so many things that we are not surprised to see him taking on the Trade Censorship of Cinema Films. But when we read that he proposes to call to his aid "leaders of religious thought"—well, we smile and say, "Good-old Tay Pay"; or, should we say, "Tay, Pay, Pay, Pay"?

Let Us Look.

Those Registers of Aliens at the Home Office and police stations *must* be open to all of us. That is the only way to find out a "suspect's" nationality. Now, then, Home Secretary Cave!

Love Me, Love My Dog.

Whatever may have been the designs of the late Government, the present Ministry has no intention of laying violent hands on our dogs. Which will be good news to the poor.

Catching On.

It is remarkable how everyone who has money to invest, or is troubled in any way about existing investments, now looks to the *City John Bull* for advice. The journal is to be found on the table of every "bank parlour"—whilst, according to a correspondent, "six copies are regularly supplied to the Treasury every Friday." This fact should considerably lighten the task of Mr. Bonar Law.

More Zepp "Frightfulness" coming. Protect yourself by signing coupon, page iii of cover.

Cotton.

Cotton being contraband, cotton being indispensable in the manufacture of explosives, cotton being prized by us and prayed for by Germany—these things being so, consider this: "There is more cotton going to Holland than ever there was in war-time. It is a scandalous shame to see the hundreds of tons of cotton that leave the Riverside Quay (Hull) in the steamers for Holland. You can see it loaded into the same vessels week in and week out—bales, baskets, and reels of it. It is time such trading as this was stopped." Who is to be sure of the ultimate destination of those shipments? That is the official reply.

An Extraordinary Regulation.

As everybody knows, the annual Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall is the Mecca of the farmer. It is a popular illusion that he comes up to town to prod fat beasts, but the fact is that the agricultural machinery section plays a most important part in his visit. It is, however, not generally known that this year the implement makers are not allowed to sell a single article. This is the ukase of the Ministry of Munitions, for whom, of course, most of them are working. But the placing of orders to enable the farmer to carry on the production of the food supply of the country strikes us as a matter of paramount importance to the welfare of the nation.

Military Muddlec.

One is becoming accustomed to muddles made by the military; some are comic and grotesque, but others are sadly serious. Take this case from Glasgow, when a poor woman received the official news of her son's death in action. On the same day came a letter calling up that lad for service, and, soon afterwards, two policemen arrived—to arrest the dead hero as an absentee! One shudders when trying to measure the anguish of that stricken mother. There are other cases nearly as terrible—and equally idiotic. Edinburgh policemen called to arrest an "absentee" who was absent, fighting in France, for over a year! Such stupidity *hurts*.

M.P. and Private.

When we recorded the gratifying fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had generously subscribed one half-sovereign to a Leicester Association for Entertaining Wounded Soldiers, we also stated that a Private had given a similar sum—and we complimented the Tommy. He turns out to be a young Canadian in hospital. The Association inquired if he needed anything, and as he had lost all his money while wounded, he wanted to cable home for 100 dollars. This was done for him, and, three days after, he called on the Association to repay them. They politely declined the money, so he insisted on subscribing 10s., and thus his name came to appear alongside Ramsay Mac's.

Peace at Our Price.

If Mr. Balfour, the new Foreign Secretary, will leave von Hollweg's truculent Peace cackle to us, we will save him a lot of diplomatic ink. Our terms are short, sharp, and decisive. As thus: "His Britannic Majesty's Government present their compliments to the Government of the United States, and in reply to the offer of peace terms by the enemy his Britannic Majesty's Government announce that they cannot enter into any negotiations for peace otherwise than on the basis that the enemy shall make adequate reparation to Britain and her Allies for the past and give adequate security for their future. Peace when it comes must be such as will be built upon a sure and stable foundation—the security of the weak, the liberties of Europe, the free future of the world. The intention of his Britannic Majesty's Government is to get on with the war."

The Rug and the Judge.

For the sake of the dignity of the law, it is to be hoped that the County Court at Yeovil will be duly warmed for the rest of the winter. The other day, Judge Arthur O'Connor, K.C., wore a travelling rug round his shoulders and over his robes, and counsel was given permission to wear his overcoat. With Spartan courage, his Honour declared they were not so badly off as the men in the trenches. Agreed, but a Judge in a travelling rug and an overcoated barrister is hardly a spectacle for a Court of Law!

How's This?

Here are some lines written by Eliza Wheeler Wilcox in 1913:—

> The time has come when men with hearts and brains
> Must rise and take the misdirected reins
> Of Government; 'too long left in the hands
> Of aliens and of lackeys. He who stands
> And sees the mighty vehicle of State
> Hauled through the mire to some ignoble fate
> And makes not such bold protest as he can
> Is no *Englishman*.

Who says poets have no prophetic vision?

Two Sale Pictures.

It was "sale" morning at a ladies' outfitting establishment in New Oxford Street. There was a continual crowd of customers—so many, indeed, that they were being shepherded in and out by policemen, and it required 10 gallant men in blue to regulate the flow even on the outside of the premises. One felt impelled to congratulate the proprietors of so flourishing a concern. The other sale is now on at a little draper's shop by Clapham Junction. It is a forced sale; the notice in the window says: "Tribunal Sale: Proprietor has one month to Sell Up." Is the "small man" doomed to extinction, these crippling days?

Huns on Strike.

You noticed, of course, several "strikes" by 350 Hun prisoners employed in the North of England in limestone quarries. They struck because they wanted huts, refused to help build the huts, refused to lay a tram-line to carry material, made the guards carry their own food because the Huns would not let it be conveyed on a truck with theirs—and they struck one day because it was a festival day in Germhuny. You noticed all that—but did you notice that the Commandant was not allowed to inflict any "punishment" except stopping the pay they had not earned and making some slight alteration in their food? *That* is what annoys us.

Wangling the Beer.

Now that the military authorities are going to manage their own canteens, we ask them to put a stop to practices, both dirty and thieving, which have occurred daily—by order. Bitter beer was charged against the manager at the retail price, but—even before the war, as we then showed—a profit was demanded from him over and above that. To secure it, he was compelled to give short measure, and, after closing, to return to the barrel all the waste from the taps and every drain from the glasses. In some canteens the beer has been regularly watered. Perhaps the new Board of Management will prevent such scandalous practices.

A Pulpiteer's Query.

In the course of a Sunday afternoon's address in St. Andrew's, Plymouth, the Rev. G. W. Neatby, Vicar of St. Paul's, Devonport, reproached those "pew-renting psalm-singing Church people who hope to go to Heaven" and yet say they cannot stand a twenty-minutes' sermon. "If they cannot stand a twenty-minutes' sermon," he asked, "what on earth will they do when they get to Heaven?" The query is not less notable for its freedom than for its Irish. There are no preachers in Heaven; everybody is too busy practising.

Write your New Year's Resolutions with a "John Bull" Pen. See coupon, page 20.

An Official Slip.

A recent issue of the *Board of Trade Journal* contains an advertisement by a Manchester firm, Messrs. Jabez Johnson, Hodgkinson, and Pearson, Ltd., one item of which reads:—"Agents. . . . Hamburg—Gebr. Sorensen Gr. Reichenstr. 3." Everybody tells us, and we are sadly aware, that the Board of Trade is behind the times and out-of-date in its methods, but we did not expect the fact made patent in its own *Journal*.

Fool Cruelty.

By no means a new sample of idiot is Alfred White, a Froyle (Hampshire) carter. The other day, desiring to singe his horse, he dressed it with paraffin and warm water, and then, three hours afterwards, he put a singeing lamp under its belly. The result was that the poor beast, in an agony of flames, bolted, knocked him down, took a 12-ft. jump, and not until it fell exhausted were the flames extinguished. Will you believe that the only motive of this ass in charge of a horse was to save himself trouble? "Evil is wrought by want of thought"—etc.

The Merchant Service.

The suggestions made by our Shipping Expert in a recent number have received the emphatic approval of nautical men in Liverpool—as well as elsewhere round the coast. "Put it very strongly before our new Prime Minister," we are urged, "that the Merchant Service must be placed under naval discipline at once, and obliterate the Board of Trade. Comb out from the shipping offices all the young clerks in soft jobs, and do the Mercantile Marine and the Empire the greatest of services." We'll try.

The Real Grit.

Commenting on our true story of a Conscientious Object who was sentenced to death but was provided with a cushy job in Scotland instead, a reader tells us that a soldier (now 22), who joined in 1914, was shot in the leg at Neuve Chapelle, had the same leg shattered at Ginchy, and is now lying in a London hospital; after several amputations, with only a fragment left of that leg. His escape was marvellous, for with his smashed-up limb he lay helpless in a shell-hole for three days and nights, feigning death within 16 feet of the German trenches. There was bulldog grit indeed!

"An Appeal to Swansea."

We recently appealed to Swansea to save from prison a man who, as we said, "sprang to arms the day after war was declared, serving in France till invalided home a broken man." In addition to various gifts of money forwarded to us for the benefit of the unfortunate man, one of our readers advanced him, without interest, the sum of £21, thus enabling the old soldier to pay the fine demanded in lieu of imprisonment. Another reader made him the handsome present of £18, with these splendid words: "You responded to the call of your King and Country—I have pleasure now in responding to yours."

At Bellingham.

The little affairs of remote townships are often amusing—except to the ratepayers. Take Bellingham, in Northumberland. At present, the local Tribunal consists of five members, all farmers, but having apparently bitten off more than they can chew, the five are asking for trade and labour help. The Council's Surveyor has volunteered for road-making in France. So the Council gives its Clerk, father to that Surveyor, £100 to do part of his work, and £40 a year to the Workhouse Master to take on the sanitary duties. If, as we are told, the Master has had no training to qualify him for this post, doubtless the Local Government Board will have something to say in regard to the appointment.

"Foreigners Preferred."

There are still people living in the land who have not learned the lesson of the war. It is a pity they cannot be taught. Consider this advertisement, cut from a London daily paper:—"Hair-Dresser; good gent's, foreigners preferred. Apply, with tools, 11, Museum Street, W.C." *Foreigners preferred*, indeed! What have the man's customers to say?

The Censor Abroad.

A member of that ill-starred Antwerp expedition, interned in Holland, had a lady's photograph sent him; the covering letter reached him, but the photo was detained. Two birthday cards arrived, but the pictorial matter on them had been removed. Yet he received by the same post a photo of a friend in uniform. A war map, cut from a newspaper, was returned, but a similar one, posted to an officer, duly arrived. This censoring, obviously, should be strictly adhered to if it is to be of value.

The German Master's "Bunce."

Just why Eastwood School Board, Pollokshaws, should be paying an "allowance" of £56 per annum to a German teacher named Hugo von Meurs is a mystery. The motion of the Rev. Robert Wilson to withdraw it was turned down by the Chairwoman, because she said the Board had entered into a contract to pay it. Mr. Wilson bowed to that ruling, but said he was deeply convinced that his proposal was a right one. We are of the same opinion. The "allowance" should not be allowed; it is an insult to the ratepayers, and the Board should stop payment now—and explain why it has paid so long.

A Bad Mess.

When will the Army engage a few sensible women cooks to show what should be done—and not done? Here is what occurs at one regimental mess:—"Every morning a large cart comes to the gate, and soldiers, for nearly three-quarters of an hour, come out with buckets, to empty their contents into the cart. Bread, buttered bread, slices often untouched, lumps of meat, potatoes, onions, carrots, bacon, sausages—all go into the cart. That cart contains every day food enough to make soup or stew for 150 people." And it is the waste of one mess only. Multiply it by some hundreds, and sit down and think a great big thunk.

Venison.

Following our observations made some months ago on the subject of deer wastage on the Fife and Invercauld Estates, Braemar, Aberdeenshire, there has been noteworthy improvement. Instead of being allowed to die and rot on the hills, more of the deer have been shot, and the meat sent to convalescent homes and military institutions. We hope the doing of this good thing may be extended; hinds are now in the very best condition, ready for the gun and the table, and many thousands of pounds of fine-eating flesh food are awaiting transport towards Tommy's tum-tum. So we confidently look for a bigger effort still.

Official Jobs.

While Southall Tribunal shows kindness to single men—("Carman, single, collecting refuse for Southall Council, six months' exemption," is one notable instance)—Grimsby cares not if the men be single or married. To be employed by the Corporation is the only qualification necessary. "Borough Treasurer, 6 months; Town Clerk's clerk, 6 months; Borough Surveyor's clerk, 4 months; In charge of Mayor's Relief Fund, 6 months; Shop Hours Inspector, 3 months; Surveyor's draughtsman, 4 months; Deputy caretaker, 6 months," and so on, and so forth. Anybody with a job at the Town Hall—"Let 'em all come!" None need go.

The best Christmas pastime is to make "Bullets." See page 28.

Stolzenberg.

The Stolzenberg Patent File Co., Ltd., are, in an advertisement, promising "a substantial reward . . . for information leading to the conviction of any person who states it is a German or German controlled Firm." Doubtless, the Stolzenberg File is now "Made in England," but we have before us one of their printed cardboards bearing the words, "Made in Baden"!

The Scrubbers.

The humble, hard-working women officially called Scrubbers, in London hospitals, receive a sadly inadequate wage. At St. Thomas's Hospital, which is probably in line with the other similar institutions, the money is 2s. a day, with 5d. war bonus, and food while at the hospital. And they are there a good many hours, from 6 in the morning till 8 at night, being on the go all the while except at mealtimes. Being patient and humble folk, they are helpless.

Language and a Vicar.

We are not familiar with all the languages in the world, and the language they speak in the engineering shop of a controlled firm is one of which we have no knowledge whatever. The Vicar of Thorpe Acre seems to understand it as it is spoken, however, for he recently wrote this note, and sent it by the hand of his son "to give to the first man he saw in the shop and pass it round": "My Dear Man,—God made your mouth to sing His praises. Why is it, then, that you use your mouth to pour out the Devil's filth instead?" Unfortunately the Vicar was indiscriminating; and several who received his note resent his imputations.

A *Lusitania* Medal.

When a German submarine sank the *Lusitania*, the Huns were so delighted that they had a special medal struck to mark the "joyous pride" with which they regarded "the newest exploit of their Fleet." When the whole of the civilised world showed itself horror-stricken, Germany sought to hide the medal, and its newspapers denied that the nation had so tried to perpetuate its sin. But copies of the medal reached London; one side shows Death issuing tickets for the voyage, the other shows the *Lusitania* sinking. Replicas can now be bought at any of the leading shops for 1s.—all profits to the Red Cross.

A Stupid Beak.

People at Bolsover had laid their plans for a Sunday Sacred Concert at the Picture Palace, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of local incapacitated soldiers. When everything was in trim, Alderman Markham, Magistrate at Chesterfield, put down his heavy hoof. "We are not granting any Sunday licences," he said. Thinking there must be a misunderstanding, the Manager gently urged that it was a sacred concert—for charity. "We cannot help that," said the masterful Markham—so different from his brother, the late Sir Arthur. It was deadly truth he spoke; he not only "could not help" a praiseworthy effort; he actually squelched it.

Waterproofs Not Waterproof.

Soldiers' waterproof capes should be waterproof; that is a certainty. It seems to be equally certain that some, now being run together in London, will not fulfil the primary condition. They are made, not by waterproofers, but by machiners, mostly aliens. Last year, and before that, they were produced on different lines; now, for the sake of cheapness, the commonest work in the trade is utilised, and Tommy must suffer if the things are passed, for they are described to us as absolutely useless from a waterproof point of view. "The man who gave the order for them," we are told, "should be made to wear them all his life in the rain." The punishment might fit the crime.

In Honour of "Bobs."

For once we have broken our rule, and this week appeal for donations for the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. If you refer to page 22, you will see we want you to get up a Christmas dinner-table collection for this splendid object.

Two Privates Kelly.

The Isle of Man has been full of trouble for a long time, and we have done our best to give publicity to its grievances. But the menfolk of the Island—the Messieurs Kelly, as it were—are by no means anxious to escape trouble by getting into khaki. Bad as conditions are in Manxland, they fear France more. And the Local Tribunals are in sympathy. There were 61 cases before the Douglas Tribunal one day recently, and the wise men on the seats of the mighty made two soldiers out of the entire bunch. Perhaps they only accomplished that with a big effort.

A Gallant Veteran.

The record of Staff Farrier-Sergt. Joseph Grisenthwaite, of Lancaster, should bring the red blush of shame to all shirkers and Objects. He enlisted at the age of 60—he is now 63. They put him in for Home service, but he kept on trying for the front, and at length got there. He has had eleven months' fighting, including four pitched battles on the Somme. When his leg was hit he dodged the doctor and would not lay off. He was sent home recently to hospital for shell-shock. But he wants to go back! He is an honour to Lancashire, and to the Empire.

The Deadly Parallel.

In the Wrexham district are two farmers. One is a widow, tenant of 240 acres, with 138 head of cattle, besides sheep, mares, and pigs. All her men have been taken for military service except one, and he may have to go. Should that happen, she can struggle no longer, but must sell up and lose all she has invested. The other farmer is an auctioneer. He has 7 sons, all eligible, but only two are in the Army. A third son was passed in Class A, and for him the happy father has just obtained six months' exemption. Set the two cases side by side, and inequality sticks out everywhere.

Artful Cadgers.

Ealing and Acton are districts now being exploited by traders who peddle brushes and tins under the title of "Working Lads' Self-Help," and making the plea, by circular, to "the Lady of the House," to "Help the Lads to help Themselves." Benevolent folk who instinctively feel for their purses, ready to do a charitable action, should note that these circulars contain neither name nor address, nor any notification as to who is responsible for this cadging style of working up a brisk trade. It is a scheme often referred to by us, and one we have never recommended. Nor do we do so now.

Letters to the Dead.

When a father has lost a son in the war, it adds bitterness to grief to find his private letters to his boy have been opened, quite unnecessarily, by somebody in the Post Office. A parent in Glasgow sees his letters trickling back, with "Killed" twice written on the envelopes, in black pencil and blue. Blue pencil also marks a printed inscription: "If not found, return to"—the full home address follows. But the letter has been opened, and a printed slip from the P.O. states that the sender's address should be written "on the back." Surely a business envelope, with those particulars plainly printed on the front, should serve to prevent such desecration?

Tuesday is everywoman's day for buying "Everywoman's," one penny.

Women Workers.

The recognition that goes to a woman who works on the land—a certificate from the Board of Trade for a few days' work, an armlet for 30 days'—is very welcome to those ladies, but we should like the Board to know that other women are doing their bit. There are the ones who do the soldiers' washing, by request, and to help keep the home going. One good soul puts it in a nutshell: "I should like something for my little son to look at, to prove that his mother, as well as father, did not hang back." That eloquent appeal might touch even the Board of Trade!

Mugglestone.

Called up twice, a man named Mugglestone, 31, single, "a member of a well-known family," had not responded. His father said the son "was no fighting man, and shrank from anything like fighting. All his savings were in his business." Very many other people are in similar straits, but Mugglestone was handed over to the military with a suggestion by the Alfreton Magistrates about non-combatant service, and a hope that he would receive time to realise his business. They did not fine him as much as twopence for being an absentee!

The Farmer's Boys.

Mr. Luxton, farmer, of Bratton Clovelly, has seven sons. He says six are of military age. The outstanding fact, however, is that not one is serving his country, nor would one ever be, apparently, if Mr. Luxton could avoid it. The military appeal has fortunately succeeded; and one young man of 20, named Alec, is to go, "subject to a substitute being found." It is to be hoped the search will not take long, and that the cases of the other six will be considered afresh. Our "Farmer's Boy" cartoon seems to be abundantly justified here. We observe that the newspaper report states the man appealed for to be 18, but his actual age is as we have given it.

Not Shirkers.

The *Bootle Times* slipped when publishing a long list of local men described as "shirkers." The following week it announced that, "having received satisfactory information" about the names, "same have now been cancelled." Numbers of men should never have been so held to scorn. Some are serving in the Navy, some have fought in France for many months, others are home in hospital, wounded. The gross carelessness displayed in compiling the list is shown by the fact that some of the men's "ages" are given as 200, 256, 470, and 309—one's age is said to be 23,1892! The men concerned have been cruelly wronged, and an apology is due to each and all of them.

A Joint Affair.

A lady of experience in hotel proprietorship tells us that the guest who gets a second helping, or a "follow," of the joint has what costs more than an economical *entrée*. The *entrée* she avers to be "cheap but satisfying," and we must take her word for it, for she knows what it is made of—and we never do. The restriction of the menu will apparently effect little economy,

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Conscientious Cardiff.

Cardiff "Conscientious Objects" are to have a respite over Christmas, but the City Council has unanimously resolved that, after New Year's Day, not one of them shall remain in its pay. In other words, the City Council has developed a conscientious objection to harbouring and nourishing "conscientious objectors" at the cost of the loyal community of Cardiff. That's the sort of New Year gift to hand out to Peace-mongers.

Chiswick Courage.

Rather than accept the conditional exemption secured for them by their employers, certain patriotic workmen engaged by the Chiswick Council have enlisted straight away. All honour to them. This incident confirms our opinion that in a great many instances it is the selfishness of their employers rather than their own desire to shirk, which brings able-bodied men of military age before the Tribunals pleading for exemption.

Last Son of Four.

We have not been able to devote as much space to Military Tribunals as we should like, but now and then an outstanding case demands notice. Consider one from Bristol, where a labourer had his appeal refused, though one brother is serving, two have been killed, and he was the last son left at home to look after his mother—a widow. How can the nation ever be grateful enough to a family with a record of service and sacrifice like that? And—could not that last prop of a humble home be spared?

Another "Human Document."

This from a retired Colonel: "After passing the best years of my life in my country's service, I looked forward to an 'old age of ease' with my four stalwart sons meeting the old people at Christmas. But the King and Country called—one lies in a French grave, two others are cripples for life, and the last has come home, broken in health and, I greatly fear, mentally affected from shell shock. We sit beside our lonely fire, with our little fox-terrier as our only companion, of which the ineffable Runciman would have deprived us." God comfort this grand old soldier!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—
"Mr. Dillon appealed for a longer adjournment if it was not certain that the Prime Minister would be in a position to FAKE a definite announcement on Thursday."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"Bedroom (tradesman), comfortable; SHARE, GIRLS."

"THE LONDON TEACHER":—
"Why should the assistant in charge of a 'sixty room' be called upon to do 50 PER CENT. MORE WORK than those in charge of a 'forty room' and YET RECEIVE MORE PAY?"

"FORD TIMES":—
"She said hoarsely: 'Seven o'clock.' HE HEARD HER CLOSE HER EYES."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—
"A grey suit, much the worse for wear, covered his body, but it was the FRAYED LINEN ON THE DOWN-AT-HEEL BOOTS where he revealed mostly his present condition."

"PRIMITIVE METHODIST LEADER":—
"The wedded pair were the recipients of a large assortment of HANDSOME PARENTS."

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER":—
"'SOME' MARKSMANSHIP! To obtain a score of 444.8 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 400, even in a handicap competition, is UNUSUAL, but this what Mr. —— —— achieved in the first monthly spoon competition."

"ENFIELD GAZETTE AND OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Bassinettes (navy), well upholstered, roomy bodies, wired-on tyres, ELSEWHERE 62s. OUR PRICE, £55."

"YORKSHIRE POST":—
"ONLY THREE two-year-old heifers are here, but they make a capital QUARTET."

ESTHER MILLER (in *Living Lies*):—
"'What's the matter?' asked Tregenna, FALLING OVER HER MOUTH BRUSQUELY WITH HIS STRIDENT VOICE."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—You have been called to the highest position in the judiciary of this country, and we know from your fine record in the Courts and your high reputation as a lawyer that you will worthily sustain the traditions of the Woolsack. As Sir Robert Finlay you have long been a conspicuous figure in our political life, and there is not a man in politics to-day who does not respect you for your character and attainments. I do not fail to note that you accept office on the understanding that you renounce the £5,000 a year pension attaching to it. Considering the handsome fortunes enjoyed by some of your predecessors, it is curious that you should have been the first to make so proper a stipulation. Lord Halsbury drew £170,000 from the public purse while in office, and has since received £70,000 in pensions. Lord Loreburn netted £65,000 and has taken £22,500 by way of pension, and the ineffable Haldane took £30,000 while on the Woolsack. Poor Public Purse! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—You have retired from the field after a long innings, and like a good cricketer we do not expect you to show any bad feeling because you have not "carried out your bat." What is more, we look to you to see that the small men of your dismissed team, who are now watching the game from a safe distance, are not allowed to show their pettiness, or to impede and embarrass the captain of the new side. The enemy is anxious to call the contest a draw, but we know what you have said—that Guildhall declaration is now written in letters of blood—and we expect you at least to stand firm to your spoken word. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.

DEAR BISHOP,—I see that your much-advertised book, "Cleansing London," is published, and I can imagine that a good deal of sentimental nonsense will be written in its praise. We have had our little battles over London, which I hold to be the finest and the cleanest City—materially and morally—in all the wide world. But I am in a Christmas mood, and in no humour for polemics. This, however, I must say—that if dear old London needs so much cleansing, what a pity you and the other clerics allowed it to get into such a dirty condition. JOHN BULL.

To C. F. Gill, Esq., K.C.

DEAR "CHARLIE,"—You do not often don your wig and gown in these days, but I am sure that the Rev. Dr. William Herman Flecker, D.C.L., J.P., Headmaster of Dean Close Memorial School, Cheltenham, has every reason to feel grateful to you for your defence in his peculiar case. It is indisputable that there is such a thing as kleptomania—a psychological attitude towards other people's possessions adopted by people in good circumstances. The special peculiarity in the evidence against Dr. Flecker was that he visited the Stores and took goods from one department after another, that he gave a card with a false name and address, and that he attempted to bribe the police. I do not know what, in these circumstances, would have been the position of a poor man, lacking the assistance of distinguished counsel and influential friends and backers, but I note that the jury adopted your theory that Dr. Flecker did all these things in absent-minded innocence—to use your own phrase, he was "wool-gathering" and "mooning about" the place in a state of mental irresponsibility—and that Dr. Flecker was acquitted amid the applause of those present in court, "who included a number of distinguished people." The success of your advocacy needs no higher compliment, but in the interests of justice in the sphere in which Dr. Flecker, Justice of the Peace, exercises it, I do hope you will advise him not to go mooning and wool-gathering about the Bench; he may some day have to consider a poor man's case of "kleptomania," and in his absence of mind he might forget to give sufficient weight to your arguments in his own "lapse."

JOHN BULL.

To Joseph King, Esq., M.P.

MAD HATTER,—Of all the M.P.s who might be expected to keep their mouths shut, you surely are the most conspicuous. After being fined £100 for conveying by post secret information which no sane, let alone any patriotic, man would have thought of revealing, you dare to get up in the House of Commons and out of the emptiness of your mind indulge in a condemnation of the Higher Command in general, and Sir W. Robertson in particular. "What we wanted was not more men, but more brains in the directing of affairs." Applied to the House of Commons I heartily agree with you, and for Heaven's sake act upon the sentiment, and clear out! Your own constituents have just given you the straight tip. JOHN BULL.

To R. Green, Esq., J.P., Police Court, Tottenham.

DEAR CADI,—I have about half-a-hundred letters from infuriated ladies, complaining of your magisterial dictum the other day that "it is a husband's privilege to abuse his wife." Ever tried that on Mrs. Green (if any)? These ladies say—no, I won't tell you what they say. I will, however, tell you what one of them, "the muscles of whose brawny arms are as strong as iron bands," says she would do to you if she were Mrs. Green and you tried that "husband's privilege" on her; she alleges she would hold you up by the ears till you fell off your own head. Don't, for goodness' sake, tell another feminine complainant it has been judicially held that a husband may moderately whack his wife with a stick, or you will raise such a row in Tottenham as never was.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Slingsby.

DEAR MISERABLE WOMAN,—After the waste of much time and money your case, with which the British Courts of Justice have been far too long occupied, has been decided against you, and your claim that the child which you procured in America was your own son, entitled to large estates, has been proved to be a lie. How you could have had the audacity to carry your fraudulent pretensions to the highest court in the land passes my comprehension. But while you merit the condemnation which awaits the trickster and the perjurer, the sympathy of every honest man will go out to your husband—"the honourable and gallant officer," to quote Lord Loreburn, "who is serving his country at this moment." What the law may still demand of you I know not. But I would advise you to make a clean breast of things now, and then try to do something to atone for your cruel wrong.

JOHN BULL.

To J. R. Roberts, Esq., Clerk to the Magistrates, Newcastle.

DEAR MR. ROBERTS,—William Clark, late of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was wounded, spent 10 months in hospital, and was practically a cripple when discharged. This preyed on his mind, and in his great worry and distress he leaped from the High Level Bridge, falling on some waste ground 40 feet below. Heaven granted that he should not die, and he is making a recovery in the Infirmary. But a charge was brought in Court against him for attempting to commit suicide; in the end it was dismissed, you remarking that it should never have been made. Now the surgeon at the Infirmary, because it is so full, proposed to remove poor Clark to the prison infirmary, and I am afraid that would have been done but for your manly protest. "This is not a fit case for the prison," you said. "There is no staff at the prison to deal with a case of this kind. He might lie there for any length of time. When he is in prison you cannot get him out again. You"—the Infirmary doctor—"will have to take care of him. He wants treatment in a proper hospital." I commend your humanity and your resolve to secure good treatment for Clark. May I ask you, further, to keep your eye on that poor wounded sufferer? The request may be unnecessary; it is probable you are already doing so, for you seem the sort of man not to do a kindness by halves. The Army, sir, will thank you for helping one who has fallen out of the ranks. And so shall I. JOHN BULL.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLLER.

Now Bill begins to fear his fate,
He's ceased to sing the Hymn of Hate;
But though he sings of Peace and Love,
He doesn't look much like a dove!

VON TIRPITZ'S SON.

WE MUST REPRISE—AN EYE FOR AN EYE—THE LAW OF THE AGES.

By A. G. Hales.

THE kid-glove factions in this country have a terrible lot to answer for. What they term their goodness of heart has proved merely an incentive to murder and outrage. Weak men in great crises do as much, if not more, damage than men of criminal instincts. It was the weak maudlin men and women in our midst who were mainly responsible for the dastardly murder of Nurse Cavell; they paralysed the men then in power in Great Britain, and—to our everlasting shame be it said—we let the foul murder of a great British woman go unavenged, whilst the Hun gloated over his infamy, and took heart from our inactivity to go upon his criminal way. Had our weaklings held their peace, the protests of the strong might have been listened to in high places, when the Huns would have experienced vengeance swift and terrible following in the footsteps of crime, and the world would have heard no more of German assassination beneath the guise of law. Then came the arrest and the mockery of a trial of Captain Fryatt, as fine a sailor as ever sailed the seas, and his cold premeditated murder by William, Emperor of the Germans. He was charged with being a *franc-tircur* of the sea, an unauthorised belligerent, and he was done to death, not in hot blood and not without such ample warning that the whole of the British nation was alive to his peril and anxious concerning his fate. All Germany, official and unofficial, knew of the public meetings held throughout these isles, which were called in order to stiffen the backbone of the most vacillating Government that ever held office in this or any other country. Did the Germans heed those public meetings; did they stay their brutal appetite for blood because of them? They did not. Captain Fryatt was shambled as Miss Cavell of sainted memory was shambled. And once again Vengeance stood petrified; no life was taken by us for an innocent life, and the German mind was bolstered in the thought that Britain was *afraid to make reprisals.*

The Rope for the Kaiser.

The Asquith Government did not even say, as they should at least have said, that when victory dawned for us William of Germany should be tried as a common felon for wilful murder, and be hanged by the neck. He, the Emperor, was the presiding genius of the Fryatt murder, and he was backed up by Admiral von Tirpitz, the greatest and the foulest pirate the world has ever known—the murderer of women and children on the *Lusitania* and half a score of other unarmed vessels. I am no rabid enemy of Emperors and Kings *en masse*, but I hold that in these days an Emperor or a King should be just as amenable to the law as common men. Murder hatched under a crown and carried out under the royal purple must not, and shall not, go unpunished in 1916. The evolution of mankind has carried us far beyond the stage when crowned heads could do no wrong. William of Germany is just as much a murderer as if he were the son of some bestial charcoal-burner in one of his own forests, and he must be made to pay the murderer's price. The democracy of the world demands it as a blood offering to Justice; posterity demands it as a warning to crowned homicides who may come to power later. Let this dog hang that the world may see that Justice is, after all, the great mainspring of civilisation. It is the duty of our present Government to review the deeds of the past and to set right the wrongs the late Government were too timid to adjust. When the final settlement is made our glorious Ally, dauntless France, will demand quittance in full for the murders of Louvain from the Crown Prince William of Germany and from the butcher Falkenhayn; and those who know the French know that they will have blood for blood, an eye for an eye. Shall we be content with less? Most of us who know him think, and hope, that Sir E. Carson, our First Lord in the new Government, is a strong man, of iron will and unshakable determination. Technically, the affairs of mercantile officers may not come within his sphere of activities; but the people of Great Britain are not to-day greatly concerned with technicalities. To the people he is the Sea Lord; will he prove himself, if it is within his compass, a stern steel man in the matter of Captain Blaikie, the latest captive of the Hun? Will Mr. Lloyd George leap right into the hearts of our people by standing by this fine seaman, who has only done his duty—or is Blaikie to tread the path that Fryatt trod?

Tirpitz's Son for Blaikie.

Every sentiment of honour and justice demands that Blaikie be saved from the shambles. We, the people of Britain, have had enough, and more than enough, of Hun murders in the guise of law. The whole people insist that the British Government inform the German Government that Captain Blaikie acted only as this nation hoped and expected he would act when in charge of his ship—that he was not a *franc-tircur* of the ocean, but an honest sailor, acting within his rights in protecting or seeking to protect the lives and property entrusted to his charge; and that in the event of his murder by order of a German court-martial, the son of the greatest pirate the sea has even known, Admiral von Tirpitz, now a prisoner in our hands, shall die as Blaikie dies, *and within twenty-four hours* —and that the British people will see to it that the sentence is carried into effect. It is a distasteful path to tread, but it is the only way when dealing with Germans. They know no law but the law of fear. Cringe to them, and they will go on murdering; drive the iron into their souls, and they will stop; exact an eye—if need be two eyes—for an eye, and they will behave like human beings. I know the German, root and branch; know him at home and know him abroad. If he smites, smite the beast twice, and he will abide by the law. Let him smite you and do not retaliate, and he will get you down and gouge your eyes out. He is a primeval beast, with primeval instincts; the only way to subdue his savagery is to give him back what he brings, and give it him with usury—a full measure heaped up and overflowing. The time is ripe for this sentiment to take hold of the heart-strings of the British people.

We Must Win or Perish!

We are about to enter upon that phase which precedes the ending, and in this phase Britain is going to know the German at his worst and blackest. Two years ago, on returning from Belgium, I wrote in these columns that in the final stage Germany would loose on this country all the horrors medical science put at his disposal. Germany is ready to do it—that, in my opinion, is the real meaning of the recent Peace offer. They want to be able to say, "We offered peace and you rejected it, and this is the result." It is our duty to ourselves to brace up our nerves and give them what they give us, and give it them in double measure, even if we have to blot them out as a people. We have chemists as well as they; we have prisoners as well as they have. If they open the lid of Hell on us, we must knock the bottom out of Hell on them—it's the only way to win; and win we must, or perish!

CHARTERED LIBERTINES.

AN APPEAL TO THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The more the new Government force the pace, the more they are likely to be reminded of the existence of a small and discredited faction intent upon a premature peace. The so-called Peace Movement is still largely an affair of *aliases*, and by the side of the Union of Democratic Control, the No Conscription Fellowship, and the Peace Negotiations Committee, is now ranged the National Council of Civil Liberties, a society which from the very vagueness of its ostensible aims is capable of a good deal of mischievous activity. In several large towns and cities local branches of this organisation have been formed in close alliance with the Independent Labour Party, the Union of Democratic Control, and kindred bodies; and although on paper the "Civil Liberty" side of their programme has been kept well to the fore, there has in general been little attempt to disguise their essential aim—the advocacy of a pro-German peace. The outwardly plausible nature of this latest pacifist effort and the distinguished patronage of an ex-Cabinet Minister should not blind the Government to the true nature of a movement which is nothing more or less than a seditious conspiracy against the patriotic aims of the nation. The methods of the Civil Liberties Council are more subtle, though no less dangerous than those of other pacifist societies. At first a bold bid for membership is made with circulars and handbills, which make no mention of peace-proposals. For instance, in a recent circular embodying the "Constitution and Rules" of the Blackburn Branch of the Council the word "peace" does not occur. The innocent aim of the Council is to be "to safeguard freedom of speech, the right of civil trial, and the other civil liberties of the British people." It is evident that at Blackburn, despite the patronage of Mr. Philip Snowden, the movement is still in its infancy, but elsewhere all disguise has been thrown aside, and in a leaflet widely distributed by the Blackpool Branch the Council "have no hesitation in saying that there is a great and growing desire amongst the people for a negotiated peace." It is the confessed aim of the Blackpool Libertines "to focus this desire," while at Cardiff, Merthyr Tydvil and elsewhere, the Civil Liberties Council have come before the public as the avowed protagonists of German peace intrigues. But it is not only the public activities of the Council that are full of danger to the national cause. They are carrying on at the same time an insidious underground propaganda, seeking to corrupt the Labour movement, and to spread disaffection among the skilled workers whose loyal co-operation is essential to the triumph of our arms. In South Wales, where the activities of the Libertines have been notorious, the painful outcome of these efforts have been seen, and the matter is one which the new Government, as the Committee of Public Safety, dare not ignore. All kinds of Labour organisations, including Trades Union Branches—even those engaged in the production of essential war commodities—are invited to "affiliate" with the National Council of Civil Liberties, whose Rules state that "Organisations shall pay no affiliation fee." Indeed, with all its lavish expenditure upon meetings, lectures, leaflet distribution, and other forms of publicity, the Council manifest a lofty indifference to financial considerations, which prompts serious questionings as to the origin of their funds. That is a secret which will no doubt be jealously guarded, but under the Defence of the Realm Act the Government have ample powers to prevent the reckless disbursement of money upon objects which are opposed to the interests and obnoxious to the will of the nation. This renewal of pacifist activity under a new name, and with the artful pretence of a legitimate policy, will deceive nobody; and the Government will have the whole-hearted support of the nation in such steps as may be necessary to break up this disloyal cabal, to prohibit its meetings, and especially to check and punish its traitorous attempts at the seduction of Labour. We confidently look to the new Government for a fresh and bolder policy—for a vigorous "offensive" against these traitors within our gates.

CHARITY AND THE CHURCH.

£5 FOR BREAD AND £300 FOR A SERMON.

The scandal of the West Ham charity known as Avenon's Charity has once more come into the light, but only for a brief space, being promptly blacked out again. It did not suit certain interests that further publicity should be given to the matter. But this is one of those scandals of charity which need all the light that can be shed upon them, and although the case is for the time removed from the Courts the facts should go "on the record." We have told before how Avenon, a merchant tailor of London, in the year 1588 left a piece of land at West Ham to provide 24 penny loaves weekly to 24 poor people; if there was any surplus money, it was to go for the preaching of an annual sermon in the Parish Church. By 1911, the value of the property was £300 a year; £5 4s. was allocated to the poor, and the Church took the rest. When legal proceedings were resorted to by the Council of West Ham, who very naturally thought the Church was receiving too big a share, Mr. Justice Warrington decided that £5 4s. was all that the poor should get, because the Charity was distinctly a religious object, and that no part of the income ought to be applied to any non-religious scheme. The Overseers of the Parish meditated an appeal against that judgment, and some legal costs were incurred before the idea was dropped. The Local Government Board disallowed the payment of the costs, and four Overseers, each of whom had been Mayor of the Borough, were sued for the amount—£83 18*s.* 8*d.* They flatly refused to pay, and it looked as though Avenon's Charity would once more receive some of the public attention that it deserves. But an anonymous person paid the entire sum into Court, and an interesting fight and dispute were thus squelched. It is currently reported that the money was paid by, or on behalf of, the Bishop of Chelmsford. In any event, it has balked discussion at the moment, but the scandal must at some future date again come to the fore.

THE WOES OF THE WAITRESS.

HARD LOT OF WOMEN WORKERS IN TEASHOPS.

A statement appeared in the daily press recently to the effect that the decreased profits of the Aerated Bread Company were partly due to the increase of wages and war bonus paid to employees. As a matter of fact, the pay of the waitresses is only 12s. a week, and out of this they have to find 1s. 6d. a week for their meals, 3d. for Insurance, and about 6d. for the washing of their aprons and caps. A domestic servant, who receives wages at the rate of, say, 10s. a week, has her board and lodging thrown in, but these poor girls have to provide a home and clothing. Every hour they must be making a valiant struggle for life and honour. The hours of work are officially ten, but in one of the depots a waitress complains that she works on an average 12 to 13 hours. They are given breakfast on arrival, and supper before they leave, both meals being of a simple description. Each waitress has six tables to look after, and takes alternate late and early weeks for duty. It is a grievance of the waitresses at some of the other establishments which cater for the cheap public, though offering more substantial meals, that not only do they have to pay 1s. 3d. a week for the food provided for them during business hours, but that it is so bad that they are obliged to bring supplies from home. In the case of the legally compulsory "day off," the management deduct 1s. 2d. from their pay—which certainly does not seem fair. Tips average, we are told, 8s. a week—except in the case of girls on breakfast duty, who work for the same pay but get more in tips. In return, however, for this larger remuneration they have usually to work 12 hours a day—9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Even the more highly paid of these girls, it will be seen, get but a mere living wage for arduous and nerve-racking work during the best years of their lives. We appreciate the boon which cheap tea-rooms and restaurants have been to Londoners—but why do they entail such hardships upon those who do the work—and earn the large dividends?

WHEEL OR WOE.

'BUS CONDUCTRESSES AND DRIVERS' WIVES THR MERE MEN "LIE LOW."

The two Goodmayes ladies, wives of drivers, who indicted in our columns the 'bus conductresses for arduous flirtation and reckless immorality, have brought on us an avalanche of protests and counter-attacks from the ladies behind the 'bus. It is impossible to print even short extracts from all these withering epistles, but we can indicate the purport of most of them by saying that if there is anything in wireless the ears of the disgruntled drivers' wives of Goodmayes must feel exceeding hot. There is a consensus of opinion among the 'bus conductresses that their accusers are jealous-minded wives who woefully mishandle their matrimonial affections, fail to keep the home fires burning, and generally get their husbands in such a state of misery that the poor fellows are so anxious to get out that they won't come in. One question in most of the letters is put in almost the same words: "How does she know drivers and their conductresses 'hang over garden gates' in the early hours of the morning unless she is out spying in jealousy on the man unfortunate enough to be her husband?" Most of them also make the point that people shouldn't measure other people's corn by their own bushel, and that there are black sheep in every flock.

DOING THEIR BIT.

Many of the conductresses, married women with husbands at the Front, want to know what would be the position if they had not volunteered. The drivers would have been out of work, and the public without 'buses. Other conductresses with their "boys" at the battles turn up their noses at the insinuations as with the scorn of scorns. "What?" they cry in chorus, "*Us* try to take married drivers away from their happy homes and wives? Pooh! We are above second-hand goods, we are." "Us young ladies," declares one of them in indignant heat and proud disdain, "have given up good births to fight the battles of our country." She does not mean what she spells, of course, but spelling is not in the controversy. "Conductresses must have excellent characters to pass Scotland Yard," proclaim thirty conductresses to a letter they sign in common. "We don't think there is any wickedness done; it is the wickedness of the narrow-minded, and of jealous natures that see things that never exist." One married conductress puts the case in this way: "Why, if we thought such things of our husbands as flirting with French girls while they are away from us, we should make our lives not worth living," and other married conductresses probably agree with her. We do not say that the counter-attack on the Goodmayes position goes all one way. Now and again there is a rally of the attackers. One driver's wife, for instance, discloses the woe of the wheel in all the poignant tragedy of personal experience. "I had one of the best of husbands," she says, "but since he has been driver I have been badly knocked about on three or four occasions; when off duty early, he strolls off every night until about 11 or 12 o'clock, anywhere to board a car. If I speak to him about it, no sooner the word than the blow. No wonder they do not want to come home when there is every entertainment—social room, mess room, billiards, piano, all allowed to mix together. If some of the girls could see my face, how I was beaten last——" We wish they could.

THE TALE OF TRAGEDY.

It cannot be denied that there is the other side. Another 'bus conductress admits that sometimes in some places "with some sorts things do go on here and there." Evidently this poor woman's driver-husband is badly among the "sorts." Another driver's wife carries the tale of tragedy even to Gravesend. The G.O.C. conductresses, she alleges, are no worse than the Gravesend ones. "No good wife can stand seeing, as I have seen, the fast hussies throwing their arms round any driver they happen to be with. Their rest days, too, are the occasion for a 'busman's holiday, and of course they can dress better than us these hard times. I wonder they do not realise just how much unhappiness their free ways and talk can make in a home where man and wife were all in all to each other. We wives can only pray the end of the war will see the end of 'bus conductresses." Curiously, the drivers themselves, in the words of the late Mr. Chandler Harris, lay low and say nuffin—the silence, let us hope, of conscious virtue and indignant scorn. All we say, to make an end, is this: If any driver has sinned let him sin no more; if he has not, let him not be tempted thereto by any siren of the footboards who chances his way, lest she lay in dust and ashes his happy, happy home.

DELAY AND DEATH.

CONFINEMENT MONEY AFTER THE BABY DIED.

If it be true that a Corporation has no conscience, it is equally a fact that a department has no heart. Half the scandals which have arisen these war-times are due to the blunders of officials and the ignorance of underlings. For instance, on Oct. 27th Mrs. Sophie Hastings, who lives in the Old Kent Road, was confined. Her husband being in the Army, she sent her boy to her Approved Society to notify the officials The lad was told that "it had nothing to do with them," but let Mrs. Hastings tell the story in her own words: "When I got up, I was sent from one district office to another and told the same. I also had two other children ill and the doctor home to them. At last I was sent to the Head Office of the Pearl at Holborn, where they said there ought not to have been any delay whatever, and that the money would be through that week. When I went the next day to the branch office I was still told the same—that it was nothing to do with them. I was not able to go again, as my last baby caught a cold and died of bronchitis. After a great struggle and a letter of authority from the Head Office the insurance money was paid—the day after my baby died. I wonder if there are any more poor women served the same as me?" Well, the National Insurance Act has been from the start a stupendous imposture, and if Mrs. Hastings is the only woman who has been humbugged about in trying to get her confinement money, and the only one unable to get it until after her baby died, we will call it an unfortunate accident and let it go at that. But, as a matter of fact, to get any money benefits under the Act at all is for thousands of people like trying to get butter from a dog's mouth. We are not anxious just now to raise in an acute form the many defects of the Insurance Act, but a case like that of Mrs. Hastings compels comment.

A FOUL OFFENCE.

LIGHT SENTENCE FOR BRUTAL CRIME.

At Wimbledon, the other day, a brute who had criminally assaulted a child of six, infecting the poor little mite with a horrible disease, was let off with the wickedly inadequate sentence of six months' imprisonment, whereas if he had not been a soldier with a "good character" from his regiment he would in all likelihood have been sent to the Sessions, where undoubtedly a sentence of penal servitude would have been his just portion. Six months' imprisonment with hard labour is, of course, the heaviest sentence Magistrates can inflict, but cases of this sort ought not to be summarily dealt with—they should be sent to a higher Court, where the facts can be thoroughly investigated and adequate penalties awarded. Yet scarcely a week passes without some case of this kind being hastily disposed of at Petty Sessions—crimes of the grossest character being visited with the lightest penalties, sometimes even with monetary fines. In one flagrant instance a schoolmaster was fined a sovereign for the unspeakable villainy of corrupting the children under his care. It will be seen, therefore, that the Wimbledon case stands by no means alone, but its circumstances were peculiarly revolting, and, moreover, the honour of the King's uniform had been foully besmirched. As far as the British Army is concerned, blackguards of this type are one in a million, and if the miscreant's fate had been left to the men of his regiment, he would scarcely have escaped alive. But there is abundant evidence that offences against little children are by no means a diminishing total. They are, on the contrary, on the increase, and at a time when so many children are deprived of the safeguards of parental care, it is the duty of Magistrates to throw over them the protecting arm of the law.

AN UNPARDONABLE BLUNDER.

DISCHARGED IRISH SOLDIER'S TRAGIC FATE.

This is the tale of a tragedy and of something worse. At Rathdrum, County Wicklow, a coroner's inquiry was recently held into the circumstances surrounding the death of a discharged soldier in the Union Infirmary. It seems that the poor fellow had been sent home from the Front suffering from consumption. At the Rathdrum Infirmary, near his home, he might have been nursed back to health, or at least made comfortable for the remainder of his days. Instead, he was poisoned—not deliberately of course, but through criminal carelessness given a dose of poisonous disinfectant, in mistake for a wholesome infusion of senna. After hearing the evidence, the coroner's jury found that "the deceased had come by his death from the effects of poison accidentally administered"—but they added a rider to their verdict which we take leave to emphasise. "They considered that the system of unqualified persons administering medicine to the patients was quite irregular." It seems that in this tragic case one of the inmates had been sent to the surgery to fetch the "medicine," which was handed out to him—not by a nurse, doctor, dispenser or other qualified person, but by a male ward attendant who had no business to be handling medicines at all. There was further evidence of carelessness in the fact that the deadly disinfectant and the harmless necessary senna, between which there was a misleading resemblance, were kept side by side in similar bottles, distinguished only by written labels. In these circumstances the coroner's jury might well have framed their "rider" in more vigorous terms, and we regret that the Coroner should have contented himself with the mild reflection that "it was a pity the man's life should have been shortened." Pity, indeed! It was an unspeakable shame!

A RAZORLESS HAIR ERASER.

THE SACRED SECRET SOLD FOR SEVENTEEN-AND-SIX.

Something new in the market is vended by Frederica Hudson, Ltd., 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. Described as a "Hindoo Secret" that "Kills Superfluous Hair For Ever, Root and All," its advertisers promise "full and complete instructions" at the price of "2 penny stamps to cover outlay for posting." But the promised "instructions" and "full information" arrive in an envelope bearing only a penny stamp, so the outlook is not favourable at the onset. Nor does it become any more encouraging to find that the information is by no means informative, while the instructions are to the effect that the recipient must send "17s. 6d. for one Regular Full-sized Two Guinea Treatment." Frederica claims to possess the "Sacred Hindoo Secret" which "has enabled the Mahomedan women of India to entirely destroy all hair growths on face, neck, arms, legs—in fact, on every part of the body." She admits that her message will "sound almost too good to be true"—and we would not contradict her. She goes on to assure us she is "a woman of good social standing, who would hardly be likely to tell you anything that is not true." Besides, "her position in Society is such" that she "could not afford to make any statements which were not justified." And with another gush she states:—"In fact, I know there are a good many people who are surprised that I should have gone into business at all." So she tells them—and us—why it is. She has "departed from the usual social ethics" because she hopes to "bring sunshine and happiness into the lives" of other women with whiskers. Also, we might suppose, to rake in some of those seventeen-and-sixpences so artfully angled after. Another feature we do not care for is the introduction into the story of her "late dear husband," and his medals. 'Ware Frederica!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

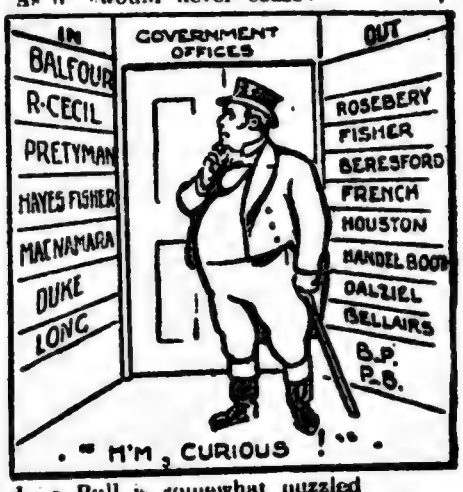
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

This Xmas *civil* travellers
To Tommy will give way,
And thereby prove their readiness
His hardships to repay.

The comic German Chancellor
Assumes the garb of peace,
And makes the whole world shake with mirth
As if 'twould never cease!

If Captain Blaikie meets his doom
At William's murderous will,
We then must demonstrate that we've
A pill for Uncle Bill

Lloyd George's herculean task
The strongest might deter,
But the country's expectations
Will provide the needed spur.



John Bull is somewhat puzzled
By the list of "In's" and "Out's,"
And thinks a further transfer
Would remove some lingering doubts.

The workers and employers
In wisdom now prepare
For booming work and wages
When we've fixed the Hun affair.

A TRAP FOR T

THE PLOT THICKENS—BIGGER TH

By THE E

I AM sure my old friend Lloyd George will not mind my returning to him again this week in the rôle of sincere friend and candid critic. Before God, I declare that I have no other motive than to help him in the great task he has assumed. How great it is, even he does not yet probably fully realise. For he has little idea of the pitfalls which are being set for him. This Peace move is one of them. Germany is not blind to the fact that the recent political upheaval sounds her death knell—but she will die hard. The Kaiser's councillors have not failed to grasp the meaning of what has happened. They have witnessed a convulsion in our Government which has dashed their hopes and confounded their plans. While we have welcomed with deep feelings of relief the end of methods that made victory almost impossible, and have acclaimed the new order of things with exultant shouts, Germany sees in the changed conditions the portents of her doom. The "hidden hand" has been at work again. Stretching across the North Sea, it has beckoned to the enemy—just when the War Ministry is about to set the pace to organise as well as to will triumph—to make the Judas sign by which the Allies might be betrayed and the name of the Hohenzollerns rescued, if not from dishonour, from irreparable disgrace. Of this I am certain—that the passing of the old Government has been the greatest blow to Germany since the Battle of the Marne, and a victory for the Allies bigger even and finer than Verdun itself. For many months past forces have been at work—forces which, at the chosen moment, would have operated in the councils of the Ministry to check our progress towards victory, and to compel, if possible, a premature and a humiliating peace. Any peace which left the enemy strong would be for us a defeat; any terms which failed to fulfil in detail the Guildhall declaration of Mr. Asquith would be a betrayal of all our hopes—an insult to the countless dead who have fought that England might endure and the Empire be made great.

Giving the Game Away.

A German newspaper gives away the whole game when it says that Germany "can only hope for a peace movement *ultimately supported by disappointed Radicals,*" and declares that its hopes may find advocates "*among the partisans of the overthrown Asquith-Grey Cabinet.*" Mark those words; they are to be remembered—they indicate an opinion in Germany which, let me say, is well founded—and they sound a note of danger which is real and must not go unheeded. I do not like suggesting that Mr. Asquith would himself be any party to such a conspiracy. But there are others—men not without influence; and, as some of us know, there have been whispers for a long while of "Peace Men" in the late Government whose proclivities were against a vigorous and ruthless policy in the war. And I am bound to say that I am not at all happy about the attitude of ex-Ministers towards Mr. Lloyd George and his new Government. You see, I know the game so well—and I cannot help reading between the lines. To begin with, I didn't like that hastily convened Party meeting at the Reform Club—the first, as we were told, which had been held for nine years; that is to say, since Mr. Asquith succeeded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Liberal Prime Minister. Not only did Mr. Asquith remind us of this fact, but he hurried to assure us that no vacancy in "the leadership of the Party" had arisen. He was still IT—whatever might have happened to the Government, or, I suppose, to the war! Somehow or other, the thing didn't ring true; indeed, it gives added significance to the words of that German paper.

Play the Man, Asquith!

And how do these people propose to play their game? By the formation of a "Patriotic Opposition"—to the Government. Mr. Asquith is to sit in the middle of the Front Opposition Bench, fortified by Sir John Simon, Mr. Herbert Samuel (who always ridiculed the idea of war with Germany), Mr. Runciman (who once apologised to Germany for the "inanities" of Lord Roberts) and other Have-Beens, for the purpose of "assisting" Mr. Lloyd George—by "opposing" him! I expected bigger things than this from Mr. Asquith. I expected him to play the *proper* game. I expected him to take his beating like a man—and to discountenance every form of intrigue against his successor. Nobody knows better than he what help the new Premier will require. But that help will not, and cannot, be given across the floor of the House of Commons in public debate. "Debate!" Who wants debates? Who cares a rap for the parliamentary prowess of the Westminster gladiators? Better by far to have kept the whole twenty-three Duds in office than to let a dozen of them loose in "patriotic opposition"! Come, Mr. Asquith—*play the man!* Drop that title of "Leader of the Liberal Party"—which Mr. McKenna so improperly introduced into the proceedings in Parliament the other day. I wonder Mr. Bonar Law didn't come down upon him with the retort that there is supposed to be a Party truce and that in any case your views, *as a Party leader*, were of no interest to the present Government. Think, too, of that unconscious slip of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, in begging for a postponement of the Premier's statement, "in order that the leader of the Liberal Party may be present *to answer him.*" As though the country were in any mood for more of the old nonsense! Upon my word, these early manifestations of the littleness of the old Ministers is very disquieting.

A Trap for the Premier.

Listen to this last utterance in Parliament of the late Prime Minister—it was the best way in which he could sugar the Reconstruction pill. He had advised the King to reorganise the Ministry, and the new appointments were to be announced in a few days; these were his concluding words: "I wish, however, to make it perfectly clear that these contemplated changes will make no difference of any kind in the policy of the Government." No difference! One may well ask why, in such circumstances, any changes were necessary. And I am fully satisfied that both the promulgation of these Peace feelers, and the formation of this

THE PREMIER.

THAN VERDUN—PEACE CACKLERS.

THE EDITOR

"Patriotic Opposition" are part and parcel of a deep-laid scheme to trap the new Premier, at the outset of his office, into indiscreet and embarrassing declarations. "If you won't accept the German terms, what terms *will* you accept?" is sure to be one of the nets set. *Let the Premier's answer always be*—"The Guildhall Declaration"; and, for the moment, leave it at that. I implore the Premier to ignore the "Liberal Party," and to treat with absolute disdain all these stereotyped resolutions of bogus local Associations of "unabated confidence in the leadership of Mr. Asquith." Confidence for what? Because he has been compelled to remove his hand from the tiller of the ship of State, which was heading under his captaincy straight for the rocks and shoals of disaster? No; confidence in him as "Leader of the Liberal Party"! I had hoped that these miserable sects and policies had been interned and immured—if not for ever, at any rate for the duration of the war. I am ashamed to realise that the truce which was good enough and proper enough when one Party ruled is now to be treated as "a scrap of paper," because those who were failures in Office refuse to be Patriots in Opposition. Yes, let Mr. Lloyd George be on his guard!

Room for Improvement.

As I indicated last week, I write in no spirit of fulsome adulation of the new Prime Minister. I think his Government is tainted by several flaws. Mr. Balfour at the Foreign Office and Lord Robert Cecil as his deputy—with the duties of the Blockade thrown in—are the two principal ones. The constitution of the War Council, too, is most disappointing. What on earth have Lord Milner and Lord Curzon to do with it? It should consist of the Prime Minister, Admiral Jellicoe, and Sir Wm. Robertson—and, for the duration of the war, the two latter should be First Lord of the Admiralty and War Secretary respectively. But if we *are* to have civilian heads of the Navy and the Army, isn't it a grotesque farce that they should not be admitted to the War Council, whilst two Peers of the Realm, absolutely devoid of any naval or military experience, should be shaping and deciding the policy of the British forces on land and sea? Still, the Government is young yet—and there is time, and hope, for future improvement. But whatever criticisms we may offer—in all honesty and sincerity, with a genuine desire to help and not to embarrass the Government—the country, I am sure, will not tolerate the partisan and the wrecker, and, above all, it will have no parley with peace-mongers, whether they speak from across the North Sea or within our own gates. Germany may cajole or she may threaten, the heart that "bled for Louvain" may weep crocodile tears over a ravished Belgium and a devastated Europe. Neither fair words nor foul, neither soft speech nor angry snarl, can alter fundamental facts or disguise from the civilised world German infamy or German fears. Defeated—not victorious—nations cry for peace; and though the Kaiser pretends that his offer is made to spare further suffering, and to silence the cries of a world in anguish, we know him for the liar he is—for the criminal he has proved himself. He may whine in the dock before the judges of outraged humanity, and seek to hide his crimes under the disgusting cloak of mock Christianity; but the game is up—and he knows it. He has pressed the manhood of Germany into the fighting field, and with a merciless and masterful determination his Generals have crashed through to Roumania, making a great demonstration of military prowess in the Middle East—although leaving the Roumanian Army unbeaten.

Heavy Price of Success.

But the prize has been very costly; the success has been gained at too great a price. To-day Germany is in a frenzy for peace, because she is weak for war. That she will struggle on—that the iron heel of Prussian despotism will continue to walk over civilisation for a while longer and the well-drilled patriotism of the people will respond to Death's Goose-step for yet a little time—is undoubted. Yet the Germany that to-day has made overtures for peace as boastful conqueror is the Germany that to-morrow will cry aloud for peace, for self-preservation. Her War Lords know the truth; her Kaiser is not blind to the crisis which cannot be long delayed. We may see more "frightfulness," designed to strike at the nerve of Britain, and we may suffer new infamies at the hands of the murderers. But the demons nation will be the despairing effort to stave off a greater frightfulness within Germany herself. There is only one answer to the Hun—only one course which will make peace when it comes a real, enduring guarantee that the feet of men shall not again be bathed in blood and women's hearts turned to stone by the convulsions of bereavement. The answer is to redouble our fighting efforts, so that the road to victory may be swift and certain. To make that answer emphatic, to win through to Triumph, we must make any and every sacrifice. The new Government has begun well, the new Prime Minister is engaged upon a great enterprise—yes, even a great experiment. I repeat that we cannot expect miracles in a moment. The delays of months exact their penalties, and we must have patience.

How to Shorten the War.

But Mr. Lloyd George can, if he chooses, convince us from the very beginning that when he says he means business he means what he says. Make no mistake, Germany wants food; many of her people are starving. Tighten, tighten, tighten the Blockade! As I have said before, we want no more Neutral nonsense. Our Empire, our sons, the Allied countries, and the Allied peoples are making all the sacrifices for civilisation, and if the Neutral dares to stand in the way of our Victory then let him be swept from our path. In spite of all the appeals, in face of all the damning facts, succour is still being given to Germany. Britain rules the waves, whatever the white-whiskered Von Tirpitz may boast, and we are false to our naval strength and we are traitors to our friends, so long as we allow a ton of material or a pound of food to pass across the sea to Neutrals wherewith to succour our enemy. The country trusts the new Prime Minister—it is ready to support him in every step he takes to crush the Hun, and make the world once more a place fit for men to live in.

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

"THE XMAS TREE"—A YULETIDE PHANTASY, BY LOUISE HEILGERS.

It stands on the iron balcony of a little fourth-floor flat, an insignificant-looking object enough, in an earthenware pot, small enough to be a toy instead of a real tree, with slender green fingers pointing, summer and winter, to the sky. All the year round the little Christmas tree stands there. It has stood there for over three years now, and it certainly hasn't grown very much in that period. It is by no means tall enough to pop a green head yet over the railings, and the railings are not very high ones either. Only once in twelve months does the little Christmas tree break into riotiousness. This is when coloured balls and candles and frosted things hang upon its branches, with an orange or two, a few gay little flags, and, right at the top, a flaxen fairy with silver wings. At night, when the candles are lit and flicker furiously in the cold wind a minute or two before going out—or, if there isn't a wind, for quite ten minutes—the Christmas tree is a beacon in the dark. I think perhaps that is what it is meant to be.

The little Christmas tree has a story, of course. Everybody, everything in life, has a story. You can't escape romance any more than you can escape life. Let me tell you the story of the little Christmas tree.

They were both very young and they hadn't been married long—just long enough to have the dearest baby in the world. They lived in the little fourth-floor flat, and I think the iron railings of the balcony were needed to keep them from walking straight into Heaven. When the baby came they were even happier.

It was an autumn baby, born in a month of cloud and mist and rain—October, to be precise.

Certainly it was not old enough to have a Christmas tree all to its very own.

"Absurd!" said the father, with a ridiculous attempt at authority.

"The smallest you can find, mind," said the mother, pushing him gently out of the front door.

I don't think in all the world you could have found a tree much smaller than the one he brought back. In fact, if the man who sold it to him hadn't sworn it was a tree——

But the mother when she saw it clapped her hands delightedly. "Why, it's the very thing," she exclaimed; "a baby tree for a baby boy. Look, sonny!"

But the small round head, drooping like a sleepy pink rose against her blue wrapper, refused to interest itself in anything so insignificant.

"I told you so," said the father.

"Wait," said the wise little mother.

Certainly when the tree was finished it presented quite a brave show, despite its smallness. There were so many gay-coloured sparkling toys upon it, all tied on with scarlet ribbon, that it positively dazzled your eyes to look at them. And when they were lit—the Christmas tree did not stand upon the balcony at this stage of its existence, you must understand, but on a little wicker table that stood in the window of a cosy room, all curtains and cushions and holly and mistletoe—well, even the baby opened big eyes and crowed.

"What did I tell you?" asked the little mother in her turn.

It was a very happy Christmas.

The little tree stood in its carnival trappings upon the table in the window until the New Year. Then, because it is unlucky to keep them any longer, the little mother stripped her room of holly and mistletoe, and the tree of its gay decorations. The holly and mistletoe she threw away, but the tree she stood upon the balcony. "Next Christmas it will be bigger," she said blithely, "and so will baby."

Next Christmas!! . . .

But when next Christmas came there wasn't any baby. Even Love can't keep a baby sometimes.

But the Christmas tree was dressed up all the same. Only there was no laughter now when the balls and flags and glittering things were tied on; it was something damp that fell on the branches of the little Christmas tree.

When it was all finished, they opened the window wide and set it in all its gay travesty upon the balcony.

"Just in case," the little mother said, with quivering lips, "baby——" The words would not come. It was silly, of course, to imagine that Baby would trouble his little head about Christmas trees on balconies when there were stars and other delightful things to play with where he was.

When she went to look at the tree on Christmas morning it sparkled so bravely in the cold sunlight that even her cold heart caught warmth from its fire. Then—"Ralph," she caught excitedly at his arm, "one of the balls is missing—that red one with the golden dots—you remember?"

"The wind," suggested Ralph.

There would be bits of it flying about if the wind had smashed it," she averred. "I think Baby must——" A sudden colour flushed her cheeks. She stopped happily towards the empty branch. "I knew Baby would want his little Christmas tree," he heard her murmur.

If she had looked below the balcony on to the little stone ledge that ran round it she would have seen lying there a red glass ball spangled with yellow dots. The man glancing over later in the day saw it, and with some difficulty retrieved it and hid it away.

Perhaps the story isn't finished yet. Who knows but that some day the little Christmas tree, gay with coloured balls and frosted things, will sparkle bravely again from the wicker table in the window instead of from the balcony, and that its glitter will be to dazzle the eyes of a new baby with a head like a sleeping pink rose? Life sometimes gives again what it takes.

"Send one to Daddy."

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Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, **DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS,** warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. B.) Park Square, Leeds

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THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes (with the addition of white sugar)

One Gallon Ginger Wine.

All who apply before December 31st will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children. We suggest you include a bottle in your next parcel to the Front.

O! the fun is fast and furious
And the music quaint and curious,
When the wild Tibetan dancer shakes his light fantastic toe.
All strive with might and main
To delight and entertain
Our Chairman Junior goblins with their gay and lively show.

The fact that Chairman Juniors are three pence the packet of ten is the least of their attractions. They smoke excellently, being perfectly made and evenly filled and they are of a quality of Virginian tobacco that pleases nine men in every ten (if the tenth does not smoke). They are cool to the tongue and do not irritate the throat. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes—same tobacco, same blending, same quality in everything, but a little smaller to make it possible for tobacconists and canteens everywhere to sell them at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. **Manchester.**

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

The Senior Service on

"MURATTI" "CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

The Patrol-Boat's Skipper.

10 for 4d.

Obtainable from all high class tobacconists or from Muratti's Ltd., West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

"WELL, yes. . . . . there ARE quiet times—especially in unfrequented waters. It's ticklish work, boarding and searching a strange craft with a small party. You never know what she may turn out to be . . . . Thanks, I WILL! . . . . By Jove! they're 'Classics'! What luck!—my own brand . . . . only waiting for shore-leave to lay in another supply. Nothing like 'em!"

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4... cigarette They are free from dust, smooth smoking and luxurious to the last whiff

On Sale everywhere

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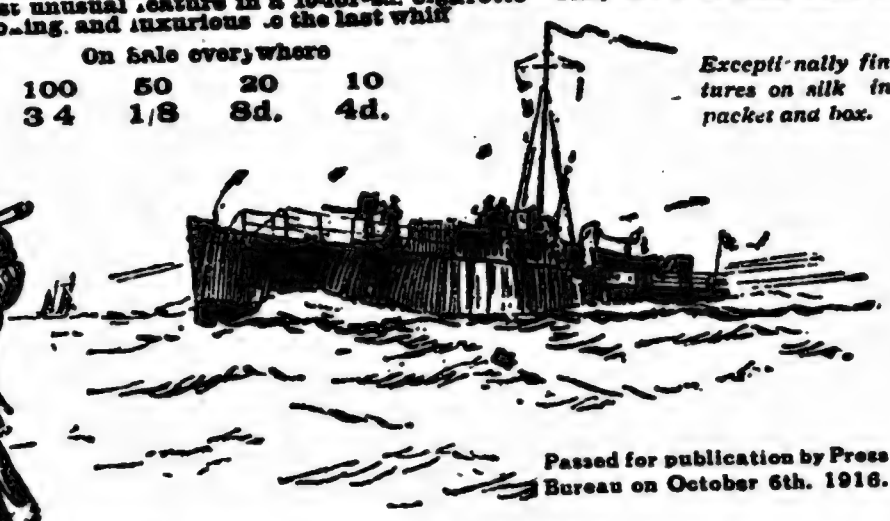


Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.

Passed for publication by Press Bureau on October 6th. 1916.

Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the World for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

THE

'CAPTAIN M.O.'

I hadn't met Gerald since we were at Barts, until I came across him, with his shirt sleeves up, hard at it with another Field Ambulance near ... . Naturally, we did a bit of chin-wagging over a Cigarette; of course he smokes "Army Clubs" right enough.

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

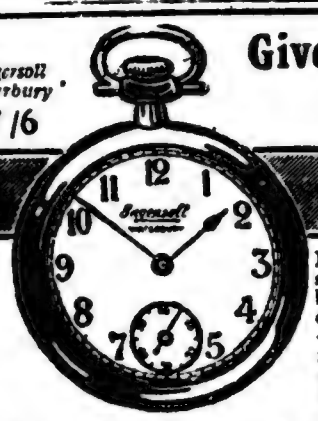
20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 20 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any member of the Expeditionary forces for 6d. specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct.

CAVANDERS, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries.

For a mellow non-bite mixture try Cavander's "Army Mixture," 7½d. per oz.; 2/6 ¼ lb. tin.

London Postal Address. 167, Strand London W.C.



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No Xmas gift will give greater delight and satisfaction than this Ingersoll "Waterbury." It is a fine handsome watch, clear dial, plain English figures, 4 jewel, 12-size—that is a little smaller than the ordinary men's size. High-grade in appearance and in quality, it is just the watch for active business and professional men and the smart youth of to-day.

15,000 British dealers are selling Ingersoll watches. Ask any one of them to show you an Ingersoll Waterbury.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining one, we will send it post free to any address on receipt of price.

Fully illustrated list sent on request.

Other Ingersoll MODELS 6/6 to 26/-

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THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase*

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

For thirty-five years I have lived in the ring—to me an irresistible lure. And I have never been knocked out until a few days ago when, coming from Newbury by motor—whizz, twist, bang, upside down, and *Out*. Now I lie at my home at Westcliff, bruised and battered, with not even a vague notion how the accident happened. But there is a kind of joy in utter, though I am happy to say temporary, helplessness. For there have come to me from many of the prodigious army of readers of JOHN BULL messages that bespeak a humanity and a kindly feeling that, even were I made of the granite which my good kindly doctor declares I am built up of, I could not help being profoundly touched by. They have almost made me forget a deep cut across the eye, damaged wrists, a wonderful colour-scheme all over my body, and aches and pains that now, as I am dictating my weekly notes, set me twinging. I can only liken myself to Frank Slavin after the historic fight with Peter Jackson, the following morning—"I feel I have been hit some." But no matter.

Already I have had several letters asking, "When are you coming out?" which, I may explain—for the benefit of those who have not seen my suggestion that I should arrange a series of boxing tournaments "behind the lines," or at one or other of the big bases in France, by way of entertaining the thousands of Tommies who swear by boxing—is an inquiry as to when I am about to embark upon what, if practicable, would be a most popular mission. At the moment, being *hors de combat*, my plans have been knocked on the head with a wallop, so to speak; but, given a speedy recovery and with the sympathetic help of JOHN BULL, I hope to make boxing a part of the admirable entertainments which have for a long time been very bright spots in the lives of the boys "out there."

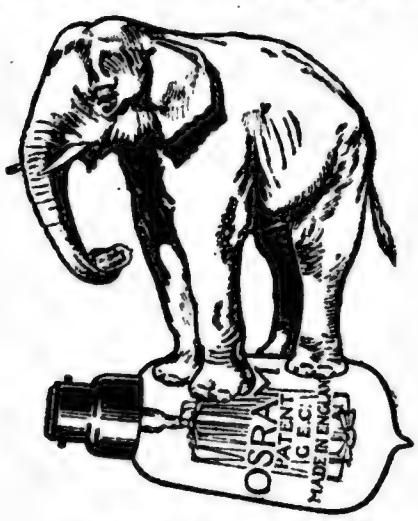
I have told of the talk about the future of Carpentier. I had hoped to to be able in my article this week to throw light upon the circumstantial story cabled from America that the Frenchman was likely to visit the States in the immediate future; but at the time of writing I have not heard from France, whilst I think it highly improbable that Carpentier will take part in any organised contest—especially one with a professional promoter behind it—until we have finished with the Germans. I am anxious that JOHN BULL should be able to state, as from Carpentier, what are his plans. Unless something unexpected happens, the great Frenchman's first fight in this country, when he is free again to take the ring, will be under the auspices of JOHN BULL, and I hope to be the referee.

Talking about finishing off the Germans, I am reminded by their brazen peace prattle and their boastful talk of having been "victorious everywhere," of an old slogger who—having had his nose broken and his ear puckered (beaten to the world, in fact)—on his second declaring, "You've only to get your blooming right across, and it's a fousand to free on yer," replied "I'll stop while I am favourite." The fact is, if I dare venture to touch on the position, Germany set out on a twenty-rounds affair, and now, finding herself groggy in the fifteenth, wants to kid England that she is good for the other five.

Letters tell me that in the training camps the game is being carried on with greater gusto than ever, and, if I had not suffered my first clip on the jaw ("a regular fourpenny one," as the boys would say), I would have refereed at an especially pretentious affair between soldiers at Oswestry. When I am out and about again I am afraid I shall never be able to preside over the many bouts that have been arranged.

I promised that I would tell all about Wells and Voyle and Jimmy Wilde and the Zulu Kid after the two contests have been seconded. My promise will be redeemed, for though I shall not be able to be present at either match, I have arranged for one of the best judges of boxing we have to come to me and tell me exactly what happened. So please see next week's JOHN BULL.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



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IS THE SUPER
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The 'Spinet' Features are -
FINE OLD VIRGINIA,
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NOTE THE CORK TIP

1/- per tin of 20

DUTY FREE FOR THE FRONT
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The GALLERY CANVASES (CANVAS - NOT PAPER) presented in tins of Spinet form an EXQUISITE MINIATURE ART COLLECTION of the WORLD'S FAMOUS PAINTINGS

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He's worthy of the very best

Your boy at the Front needs Cigarettes to smoke every day. Are you keeping him regularly supplied? If not, send him some "De Reszke" Cigarettes—*he's worthy of the very best.* Buy them yourself. Post the parcel with your own hands. Then you know they are *bound* to reach him safely.

Sold Everywhere

TO STOP ANY RHEUMATIC PAINS IN TEN MINUTES

By Corp'l. JIM SULLIVAN,
Ex-Middleweight Champion.

Famous Physical Trainer Champion explains a permanent cure and tells how he keeps free from all Uric Acid Disorders, Backache, Kidney Trouble, etc.

Perspiration is always strong acidulous, and this probably explains why "sweating cures" so quickly limber stiff muscles and joints by always drawing acids or other pain-causing impurities out of the body. The heat also expands the blood vessels and thereby stimulates an increased flow of blood through the kidneys and other organs of filtration. This in turn washes sharp uric acid crystals out of constricted veins. But many readers will say they have no time for vapour baths or expensive spa treatments, so I shall explain a substitute which is even more effective. You can obtain at slight cost from any chemist about a half-pound of the common Reudel Bath Saltrates, a small handful of which dissolved in a hot bath will produce medicated and oxygenated curative water. Bathe in this and you will at once understand just why sufferers travel to the thermal bath springs famous since Roman days, *for the Saltrates contain exactly the same curative medicinal constituents found in the natural spring waters.* We cannot improve upon Nature's own methods in treating kidney trouble, backache and rheumatic tortures, gout, sciatica, lumbago, etc., but to enjoy a natural cure no one, rich or poor, need journey to a spa. The Saltrated baths do more good than a dozen "sweats," Turkish Baths, patent medicines, ointments, liniments or anything else. In especially severe cases, if you also wish to use an internal treatment to hasten a permanent cure, drink occasionally a level teaspoonful of refined *Alkia* Saltrates in a tumbler of water. This is a wonderfully rapid solvent and thorough eliminant of uric acid which even the worst cases of rheumatism cannot resist.—*Advert.*

A GREAT SONG.

Darewski has just issued the great song "hit" from "Flying Colours," entitled

"ARIZONA."

Get this now from your music-dealer. If any difficulty send postal order for 1/9.

Darewski Music Publishing Co., 148, Charing Cross Road, London.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD DEVONPORT.

Good evenin', sir. I 'aven't 'ad the pleasure of seein' you in my erstablishment before, sir, but I reckernizes you, sir. You're the Food Controller, sir. I see your picsher in the paper t'other day. . . . *Shavin'?* Right, sir! So you're goin' to put us on short commons. I dessay it *is* necessary in some cases. I take it thet it is as much the duty of a Food Controller to see as people get *enough*, as to see they don't git *too much* to eat. Am I right, sir? . . . Ah, thet's orl very well, sir. It's orl very well to say thet if you restrict consumption on the part of the well-to-do, it gives the pore a better charnce to git grub. Not unless you regulate prices, it won't. It's the shopkeepers, as well as the customers, you've gotter watch. As a matter o' fack, I think you could do more good by controlling the 'olesale an' retail provision merchants, the butchers an' bakers an' milkmen an' greengrocers, *etcetera*, then by *h*imposin' irritatin' ration restrictions on the consumers. Look at orl this trouble erbout sugar. If you was to pro'ibit bakers an' confectioners makin' expensive, sickly pastries an' 'igh clarss fancy chocklits, tons of sugar would be chucked on the markit at once, easing the price of it, an' giving the pore a charnce to 'ave a lump in their tea. It's scanderlous to look in the tip-top tearooms orl over London enny time between three an' six in the arfternoon. Go into enny of 'em an' you'll find 'undreds of young wimmin an' gals munchin' fancy pastries fur orl they're worth. It's them wot use up tons of sugar wot the pore an' middle clarsses could do with. An' 'oo makes these fency bits o' sugar an' dough as a rule? Aliens, sir—alien pastry-cooks, earnin' good English money fur 'elpin' to ruin the digestive orgins of our young wimmin an' young orficers on leaf. Take my advice. I wouldn't be in too much 'urry to touch cheap sweets, if I was you. Thet would be 'ittin' the nippers o' the pore an' lettin' the rich still git wot they want. . . . . Excuse me advisin' you, sir, but I've thort a bit about it. . . . Thank you, sir; goo' evenin', sir. Much erbilged.

The demand for the "John Bull Dictionary" has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and the supply is nearly exhausted. For this reason any reader who has not already availed himself of this opportunity of possessing a copy of this very useful book for the merely nominal outlay of 5s. should do so without delay.

THE OLD GANG.

A CHRISTMAS (UN)MASQUE.

Enter Members of the Late Government.

McKenna:
What a glorious relief!
It is almost past belief!
Hoch! for greater ease and less responsibility!
All the same, I can't deny
In the ointment there's a fly—
Loss of "screw," which I had found of great utility.
I was in a false position
In the so-called Coalition,
Though while in office played the game with tact;
But my satisfaction's hearty
With this prompt return to "Party,"
Although the chance has come through being sacked!

Asquith:
Though in all the wish was latent,
Still it was a trifle blatant,
Don't you think? When in the House the other day
You referred to me as "Leader
Of the Liberal Party." Heed a *little* more what people think and say.
Our patriotic duty
Towards "England, Home and Beauty"
(The hackneyed trite quotation please excuse),
In the public estimation
Is—to labour for the Nation,
And all "Party" opportunities refuse.

Haldane:
I fear that is a counsel of perfection,
And we are only human, after all—
How on earth can you expect
Earnest Liberals to neglect
A chance to give the Government a fall?
Lloyd George (sad case of Liberal defection!)
Has acted in a way that I resent—
My vast and teeming brain
He has treated with disdain,
Which action he will probably repent!

Grey:
If anyone's cause for resentment
I think you'll confess it is I,
For I'm left to whistle
While Balfour and Cecil
Are in the new Government! Why?
They say I was weak in the Balkans,
But what about Cecil's "blockade"?
And what about Arthur,
Who made himself rather,
A fool after each Channel raid?

All:
Though we miss our stipends sadly,
Yet we'll do our duty gladly,
Not forgetting it's our duty to oppose—pose—pose,
Not forgetting it's our duty to oppose!

[Curtain.]

17/6 for 2/6! READ THIS!

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN DE LUXE.

With 1 Coupon 3/6
" 13 Coupons 2/6
Postage 2d.

41, *Delancey Street,*
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Dear Sir,—*I recently lost a 17s. 6d. Fountain Pen, and I thought I should never get another to suit me so well. I decided to try a* John Bull *Pen De Luxe, and I am simply delighted with it. It is in all respects equal to the much higher priced article.*—Yours, etc.,

David McFarland.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1s.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1 6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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(Dec. 23, 1916.)

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 14.

COOL AS A CRAYOL.

These Tommies, as a general rule,
Are reckoned to be pretty cool.
They caught a German bomb last night,
Got both their Crayols well alight,
Took half a dozen puffs, and then,
Quite coolly, clutched it back again.

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The time to smoke CRAYOLS? Now—and always. The word that describes them? *Fine.* The price that buys them? 7½d. for a box of 20. The men who smoke 'em. Those who know good value when they meet it.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try 'Karam' at the same price.

10 for 4d.
20 for 7½d.

P.C.R.—14

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Who's Your Pal?

Why, the man who smokes Bondman. He shows his taste in choosing this rich, ruddy Virginia. Pouring out delicate fragrance Bondman is welcome everywhere—even in the drawing-room. Bondman smokes slowly and evenly and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the Front Order from your tobacconist.

LLOYD'S

BONDMAN

Rich, Ruddy, Virginia

TOBACCO

Per oz. 6d.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

Mr. Bottomley Appeals to His Readers on Behalf of the Permanently Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

I have been thinking of Christmas Day and I was wondering what was the very best thing that the readers of my paper could do to show their appreciation of the lads in the trenches and on the seas during the festive Christmas time.

My thoughts turned back to last Christmas, and it occurred to me, as it must have occurred to all of you, that we should not have enjoyed that pleasant Christmas Day at home if it had not been for the men who risk their lives and limbs for us in order that we might be secure and comfortable in the safety of our Island Home.

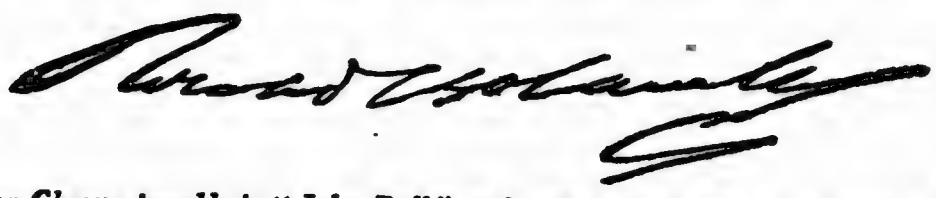
I could not help thinking how inadequate were the pensions which the Nation gives to the men who are wrecks of their former selves, some of them without arms and some without legs; some without their right arms—injuries which might forever preclude them from earning a living wage.

I noticed an announcement on behalf of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops which stated that they were taking up a Christmas Dinner-Table Collection so that they might be able to buy more machinery and equip more workshops to give permanent work to discharged permanently disabled soldiers and sailors.

I knew of the wonderful work these shops were doing—I knew of the hundreds of men who had come to them armless and legless with pensions as small as 3/6 a week, and I knew that these men went to work without trouble, delay or red tape and that they got £1 a week to start with while they were learning and a standard weekly wage as soon as they were efficient. The labour unions had expressed approval of these workshops, and I realised that here was the national and the best way by which these broken men could "get on their feet again."

It occurs to me that if I am to break the rule never to act as advocate for any fund other than our own, I could not break it at a better time or in a better cause than the one I am telling you about.

I appeal to each of you, my readers, to send me sixpence or more, and I believe that every reader of "John Bull" will respond to this appeal. I will take this collection from my readers and hand it personally to Lord Cheylesmore, Chairman of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops Fund, and I shall say, "Here is a little gift from the readers of 'John Bull.' Everyone has given sixpence or more to this great cause of which you are the head, and they have done it because they loved old 'Bobs,' to perpetuate whose memory these workshops have been established. They are sending you this little gift because they appreciate the work which your Organisation is doing to find employment for men who otherwise would have found none. I give this sum of money to you, my Lord, with my readers' kindest wishes, and I am proud to be able thus to show to you the sort of people who read my paper and the depth of their appreciation of anything which is done for any one of our boys who, on the land or sea, have risked life and limb to keep our womenfolk and our Island safe."



Please make Postal Order or Cheque payable to "John Bull" and send to 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, 19th August, 1916

To Tommy and Jack.

Boys, the job is not up yet, but, please Heaven, we will see it through. This is the season of peace and good-will. However, there's no peace, and so far as our enemies are concerned no good-will, although they are angling for it. Thanks very much, you boys of the Army and Navy who send us mail-bags full of friendly letters. Goodness knows, we want to have the best done for you and for the "missus and the kids." We cannot say a "Merry" Christmas, but with our whole heart we say "as merry as can be."

How We Love Tommy.

At Waterloo Station there are some fruit stalls. Tommies going down to embark call at the stalls to buy fruit, and are charged twopence each for miserable little apples and oranges, the kind that anybody would pay a penny for at an ordinary fruit stall. Poor old Tommy!

Worse Than Objectors.

The men of the 74th Battalion, Labour Detachment, of the 17th Cheshires, were brought from Liverpool to a port to load and unload ships. They have been put into unhealthy huts without fire and light—huts that are not considered fit for Conscientious Objectors! Will the General in charge of the Division look into this matter?

A Savage Sentence.

We have to hand the Orders of a Heavy Battery, R.G.A., at Avington Park Camp. One paragraph shows that the cook has been awarded seven days C.B. for washing in the cook-house, the fact being that he did the laundry work in a kind of scullery. For doing so he was placed in a cell. This sentence seems particularly savage, having regard to the fact that the man had always borne a "V.G." character, which is the best that a soldier can obtain. We cannot congratulate the officer in command.

Our Muddling Methods.

At Larkhill Camp there is a huge crowd of "tradesmen"—including mechanics, coppersmiths, carpenters, etc.—who have no work provided for them, and who have not touched a tool since they were enlisted, ever so far back. Yet we are employing women as carpenters and begging other men to come along as coppersmiths and mechanics. Is there nobody in charge of affairs?

Killing the Men's Spirit.

A few days ago, a man at Bray—which is about 18 miles outside Dublin—was arrested for having overstayed his leave. He was brought before two J.P.s, and sent to prison to await an escort. In the meantime, he was stripped of his uniform and dressed in convict's kit with broad arrows. We would ask Lord Derby if this is an order. It seems to us an entirely unwarranted indignity, and one which should not be repeated.

No More Rotting Armies.

Some weeks ago we published an article on Armies Rotting at Home. The article, we are glad to say, appears to have had some effect with the Authorities—as we learn that in future no man fit for active service will be kept in England for more than six months. We are fully alive to the need of keeping fully-trained men in the country in case of possible invasion, but our criticism was aimed at the system by which men were sent to the Front who had been with the colours only for a month or two, whilst hosts of soldiers who have been in training since the commencement of the war were retained at home.

As Others See It.

Wives whose husbands are at the front complain that their "better halves" are not allowed more week-end leave—alleging, on the other hand, that officers can get about a dozen leaves a year. This, however, is not so; the officers are as badly off as the men. Junior officers are sent out to the front, and lead the men "over the top" time and time again, without, as a rule, obtaining promotion—raw clerks and others of a similar grade, sent out from England, being placed over their heads. There is, undoubtedly, great soreness in France owing to this system.

A Matter of No Importance.

One of our staff was down the other day at Kempton Park. The "post office" there is no bigger than an ordinary hen-house, although the correspondence, etc., of over 900 men has to be dealt with. Letters frequently go astray—no wonder, as there is only one postman. And yet at the same place there is quite a sumptuous office in which a regimental paper is published. Perhaps the Commanding Officer will have matters adjusted.

A Martinet's Masterpiece.

A copy of our issue of October 28th reached the Hospital Ship *Glenart Castle*. One of the boys pasted up on a bulkhead the paragraph in it entitled "Quakers in Khaki"—commenting on the "swanky" and deceptive uniforms worn by Conscientious Objects engaged as hospital orderlies. The following Order was thereupon issued: "NOTICE.—Until the patient who posted up the notice about the orderlies declares himself, all medical comforts will be stopped and patients must keep strict hospital hours." The Order was signed evidently by an officer whose skull contents are more like mayonnaise than brains.

A Bluejacket's Last Wish.

Only the retired Service man who has loved, fought for, and bled for the Flag knows what a longing for a Service funeral means. We have on many occasions commented on the way in which our national heroes are buried. This week we have had brought to our notice the case of a dead Bluejacket who had proudly worn the Crimean medal. The poor veteran died, and his last wish was that he should have some semblance of a naval funeral. The matter was brought to the notice of the Admiralty, and their reply was that they "had no funds for the purpose." They had, however, not been asked for the price of the coffin and hearse; and having regard to the fact that there was a division of Bluejackets in the neighbourhood, the least they might have done was to tell off an escort.

Dampness and Health.

A man of the Grand Fleet tells us that much discontent is caused by an evolution called "air bedding." About once a week the bed clothes have to be aired, and the men allege that the day chosen is always when "the weather is foggy or there is a damp atmosphere." Remonstrance meets with the retort that the "evolution" is to benefit health—but it cannot be healthy for a man to turn in on wet bedding. As all ratings above the A.B. are exempted from this exercise, it looks as though the top-dogs sadly neglect their health.

A Sensible Idea.

A member of the crew of a trawler out looking for submarines, &c., sends us a sensible idea. It is that they should have the fishing gear on board, so as to capture fish while on duty, and thus help to solve the food problem. Of course, if danger was scented the fishing gear could be cut adrift. We commend the matter to the Chief of the Admiralty.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our . . . Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

MRS. W. E. (Boro').—You tell me that you are not receiving anything in respect of an "unofficial" child supported by your husband at the time of his enlistment. The Paymaster is wrong—the youngster is entitled to an allowance.

E. A.—Having left the London district temporarily, you are liable to have the extra allowance deducted for that period unless you were paying rent in London during the time of your absence.

"TOMMY" (Seven Sisters Road).—Your 4s. 8d. a week pension is not sufficient. You should fill in form 4 D, asking for a supplementary allowance.

"ONE OF THE HOLY BOYS" (Clapham).—You have been given a total disablement pension and want to know if, when you take up employment, the pension will be reduced. The answer is "No."

"MOTHER OF FOUR" (Dublin).—See the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Fund and ask him for a P 2 form. You should then be able to get an extra dependent's allowance.

"HARD BITTEN" (Hampstead).—As you have applied to the Civil Liabilities Committee and been refused, you should appeal. In my opinion you should have received the support for which you asked.

MRS. T. W. (Hoxton).—It is according to Regulations that your allowance is stopped, as you have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The allowance to your children, however, should be continued.

"SCOTS GREY" (Edinburgh).—A silver medal may be awarded to a non-commissioned officer or man, if duly recommended, who has served for not less than 18 years with an irreproachable character. See also reply to "E. A."

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. Robert McArdle, 1327, B Coy., Northd. Fusiliers; Rfn. I. C. Bensuade, 20636, C Coy., K.R.R.; Pte. Hebert Corbett, 1937, B Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. T. W. Proctor, C Coy., 2nd Royal Fusiliers; Pte. Tom Lewis, 17142, B Coy., 14th Welsh Regt.; Cpl. Wm. Black, 9593, C Coy., 1st Black Watch; Pte. A. B. Chinneck, 440025 No. 2 Coy., Canadians; P. E. Kent, 11760, Royal West Kents; Pte. R. B. Craven, 18554, D, Coy., 6th Yorks; Lieut. Charles B. Davies, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers; Pte. George Utley, 4th Coy., Coldstream Guards; Pte. John Greenhill, 8145, A Coy., 17th Manchester Pals Battalion; Rfn. John Edward Russell, 15026, Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. Dunford, 6500, A Coy., 1-15th London Regiment; Sergt. H. D. McNab, 6002, A Coy., 2nd Regiment, South African Infantry; Pte. Thomas Flynn, 31194, B Coy., Lancs. Fusiliers; Pte. John Jobson, 30-46, 34th Division, I.B.D.; Pte. James Hall, 16859, 2 Coy., Coldstream Guards.

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Room J, SKEGNESS.

The Free Lesson will come by Return.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier was sent home as an invalid, without a pension, after eight months' service. He received on discharge the huge sum of 10s. 6d. When returned to his wife, he found that the household was in distress and the landlord threatening. He came to us, and we helped him out of his difficulties.

The wife of a soldier has 12s. 6d. a week. Her child is seriously ill with pneumonia. In consequence, her purse was soon empty, and she came to us—with a successful result.

Owing to the inclement weather, we have increasing numbers of applications for clothing. We regret, however, to say that our stock is exhausted, and therefore appeal for a further supply.

A widow had two sons in the Service, and, on behalf of one, received a small allowance—amounting to 7s. 6d. a week. Both of the boys have been killed, and the poor woman, left alone in the world, was in a state of destitution. Her case was presented to us, and we were very glad to assist.

Tommies discharged from the Army favour a certain Rowton House, whence we receive many applications, due to a genuine case, whom we helped, telling his friends. We regret to say, however, that half-a-dozen men at the same place, who were among the first to apply, were found to be members of the "Don't Work Guild." We casually mentioned to one applicant, who seemed strong enough to move a house, that we intended to prosecute a person in the hostel for obtaining money under false pretences, and then invited him to write to us with proof of his statements. He did not do so, and we were not surprised to hear that both he and some of his "pals" immediately changed their residence.

We continue to receive applications from "unofficial" wives of men now on service, who for one reason or another are not drawing separation allowances. As far as possible, we give them assistance.

Our Fund, as it stands, is mainly for the support of the wives, children and dependents of our men. A proportion of our subscribers ear-mark their money for soldiers' comforts. For technical reasons, we have found it necessary to start a fund for the latter purpose. We have numerous application from the men in the trenches for playing cards, games, etc., which we are always glad to supply. We trust that the friends of our soldiers and sailors will make note of the fact and give us their support.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Reader" (Bristol), 1s.; M. A. (Putney Hill), 2s. 6d.; "Agnes Wickfield," 1s.; "Carlin," 2s.; B. A. N., 2s.; C. J. R. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; "A Wellwisher, 1s.; "Maxwell," 10s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver, 5278," 1s.; E. M. B., J. B., C. E. T. (Borneo), £6; Anon., 5s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 8s. 3d.; Mrs. B. C., 5s.; "Rowhill," 5s.; "Boy," 1s.; W. B. (Sydenham), 2s. 6d.; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*," £3 5s. 5d.; W. S. (Middleton), 2s.; L. O., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s.; M. R (Cardiff), 1s.; H. M. B. (Paignton), 5s.; "One of Many," £1, "Fairplay," 5s.; J. P. (Canada), 2 dollars; W. R., 5s.; R. H. ('Chepstow), 5s.; "One of the Old B.E.F.," 2s.; "European Drivers, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S. Rlys.," (9th subscription), £2 7s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros., Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch), £1 10s.; M. M. (E. Ham), 1s.; "Shaykyt," £1; H. T., 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; W. A. (Rotherham), £10 10s.; T. G. T. (St. Mawes), 2s. 6d.; T. J. K., 2s.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; H. J. J. (Frinton-on-Sea), 8s. 6d.; M. E. W. T., 2s.; H. B. G. (Perak), 5s.; "Gargle," 5s.; Captain, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Pomaron* (per J. K.), 17s. 6d.; W. B. (Cordoba), £5 5s.; C. H., 1s.; A. S., 1s. 6d.; A. E. S., 1s.; E. H. P. (Dover), 10s.; "Kirkdale Woman," 2s. 6d.; Anzac S. B., 1s.; E. G. K., 3s.; C. A. C., £1; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; E. J. H., 2s. 6d.; C. C., 1s.; R. N. R., 5s.; C. H. L. (France), 10s.; "Omar Khayyam" (Edinburgh), 6s.; C. K. (Cork), 1s.; "One Tenth," 6d.; R. W. M., 6d.; M. H. W., 1s

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mrs. Turner, "Black Lion," 272, High Road, Kilburn, N. W., 3s. 1d.; Mr. G. J. Bletsoe, 33, Canonbury Road, N., 2s. 11½d.; Mr. John Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, N., 3s. 6d.; Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, N., 2s. 7d.; Mr. E. E. Gilbert, 176, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, 4s. 11d.; Mr. R. W. Howard, "Coach and Horses," Bruton Street, W., 2s. 9½d.; Mr. G. A. Deacon, 499, Fulham Road, S.W., 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, N., 3s. 3½d.; Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 7s.

WICK.—Mr. A. Lunn, "Heather Bell," 4s. 6d.

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us, during the Christmas season, to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. For the past two years, however, we have naturally given first consideration to those who are either directly or indirectly affected by the present crisis; but there are many other hard cases.

Our system has been to apply the money entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to enjoy the food and fuel and other comforts in their own homes.

We also appeal for left-off and unwanted clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas-time into the homes of the poor.

Subscriptions should be forwarded direct to our Offices, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., but all parcels of goods, etc., should be sent to the JOHN BULL Central Depot, 19, Mare Street, London, N.E.

DONATIONS.

A. O. M. (B.R.F.), 50 francs; "Sardonyx," 1s.; E. H. P. (Dover), 10s.; F. J., 2s. 6d.; M. E. W. T., 2s.; Mrs. L. N., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. J. E. (toys); F. E. S., 5s.; W. J. W., 1 dollar; H. A. (Canada), 5 dollars; J. R. (Shepherd's Bush), 5s.; "Agnes Wickfield," 1s.; "A Birmingham Tram Conductress," 2s.; J. B. (Derby), 3s.; E. S., 5s.; Mrs. H. E. (parcel); Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., 12 dozen tins of breakfast cocoa.

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The enormous popularity enjoyed by

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Acute Kidney Disease

Five years sufferer cured.

Mr. Parker.

Mr. John Parker, 13, Armanda Street, Roundhay Road, Leeds, says: "For five years I was a victim of kidney trouble. I had knife-like pains in my back, and to rise from a stooping position was like grinding the life out of me. Other troubles were severe headaches and sleeplessness. Even when I dozed off my sleep was disturbed by nightmare dreams. My appetite all went, and to add to my suffering urinary trouble came on.

"I was always doctoring, but nothing did any lasting good until I started taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They cured me. The pain soon went easy. I slept well, and steadily improved till now my health is splendid. Though sixty years old, I feel as well as I did twenty years ago."

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
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Nervous Debility	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices—1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply—Box E.D.20, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

The most delighted audience in the world!

AND the biggest too—by a long way—is the huge and ever-increasing multitude which, month after month, relies for its home-entertainment upon the

New issue of ZONOPHONE RECORDS

A MORE varied programme than ever is that for the Christmas month. Music, vocal and instrumental, from Grand Opera and the newest ballads, to Harry Lauder in his latest and the popular songs of the moment. There are, too, front rank comedians in typical numbers—to say nothing of Nursery Rhymes for the kiddies played in tip-top style by the famous Black Diamonds Band.

RECORDED TO PERFECTION

A few of the Stars on this wonderful December List

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GEORGE FORMBY
JACK PLEASANTS
HAROLD MONTAGUE
BILLY WILLIAMS

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MR. SYDNEY COLTHAM
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Zono Dealers Everywhere—Ask for the December List

Twelve-inch 2/6 *Celebrities 2/6*

Give Zonos this Christmas!

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with some of his numerous correspon ents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date o issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C., *and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.*

W. D. (Huddersfield).—"Either you or Mr. Lloyd George this time." Right, so far. What about next time?

W. O. D. (Edinburgh).—In recent by-elections, "Independent" candidates have polled on an average about a third of the total votes—and now we've got an "Independent" Government!

J. B. H. AND A. H. (Glasgow).—Thanks for your good wishes towards our efforts to "obliterate the peace-mongers." The retirement of soapy Samuel should lessen the difficulty of our task.

"REGULAR READER" (North Finchley).—Agreed that corrupt war-contractors should be made to "refund the plunder." Means should also be found to render them criminally responsible for the offering of bribes, as recently denounced by Mr. Justice Lowe.

H. P. AND W. J. E. ("In the Fields").—"When does winter begin? Is it on the shortest day?" On the day when you are shortest, the cold is coldest, and the damp is dampest.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—"Good old B.! He's the man for me, For now when Xmas comes We shall not be B-R-O-K-E!" A Happy Xmas, good lady!

"MOTHER" (Hornsey) and MANY OTHERS.—Thanks for compliments. As Mr. Samuel is now in a very back seat, we needn't worry any more for the present about his "expectant mother proposals."

"FRIEND FROM LIVERPOOL."—"May our shadow never grow less!" It's kind of you, but—well, just a little less would not annoy us very much.

MISS J. L. (Haverstock Hill).—"Passing the Prince of Wales's Baths at 11.30 after a Cinderella, I saw a lot of effeminately dressed young fellows coming out. They need the comb." After a bath a comb is useful.

L. B. (Gillingham).—We note that you did not "think much" of Mr. Hale's article. Perhaps if you had thought more, you would have liked it better.

"A WOMAN PATRIOT."—We warmly sympathise with your point of view, but personally we would rather see most of the "sons of Germans" in an internment camp than in the ranks of the British Army.

"WHAT-OH!"—"I think the Defence of the realms should have been used and the late Government put under arrest for striking. Forgive me!" All right, but don't do it again.

M. B. M. (Glasgow)—Afraid when we visit Manchester we shall not have time to "call on your sister." Just lately we have had to call on our friends several thousands at a time.

"THREE ST. LEONARD'S MAIDS."—You ask us to publish your tribute to the fact that, although among the Canadian troops quartered in your neighbourhood you "make new acquaintances every day," you are invariably "treated with the greatest respect." A fine reply to the anonymous slanders which some local prudes have been base enough to utter!

R. W. (Westcliff).—"Is the Right Hon. John Burns still living?" Yes; all alive—but not kicking.

S. L. N. (Manchester).—Had you read us carefully, you must have noticed our frequent protests against the conscription of the medically unfit.

"A LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Hastings).—We cannot rush into print with conversations you claim to have "overheard." You will be wanting us next to publish your dreams.

"ONE OF THE IDLERS" (Chatham).—Among the first duties of the new Government will be to use every available means of increasing home-grown food supplies.

R. H. C. (Overseas Club) tells us that "a large number of neutrals are employed in a certain department of the War Office and receive salaries 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. higher than British subjects engaged on the same work." Hope this does not mean they are worth it.

W. A. (Lahore).—"The Modern Boy: Now, what are you 'owlin' for? Nothing satisfies you. First you was Baden-Powell; then 'Aig; then you snivelled to be made Prince of Wales. Blow me, I believe he's got cheek enough to want to be 'Oratio Bottomley!" All the way from India, too!

"NAPOO."—"Mind ye, Stirling's a terrible place when it's roused." Then why doesn't it shift Ponsonby the Peace-fool?

"RIGHT AND JUSTICE" (Arley).—A messenger boy at Folkestone stuck to 2s. given to him by your husband to send a telegram, and has swindled others. Many months ago we warned departing soldiers against the trick.

E. E. G. (Kingston).—We had no space for your article about clergymen and theological students as shirkers, but we quoted the figures because you asked us to. And you call it "an evasion." That is ingratitude.

"I. B. AFRAID" (Blandford).—"My measter got 20 workin' for en; half of em be exempted a purpose to do his work. If he and t'others keep men out of the country's employ, why don't he be made to pay more than 16s. or 17s. wages?" Hodge is learning something.

F. M. (Collessie).—From Mr. Asquith's own constituency comes your suggestion of a petition to the King. But events have altered the outlook. And in any case we could scarcely print a petition proposing ourself as Prime Minister, could we?

"AN ADMIRER" (Sheffield).—Yes, Colonel Hughes got "Conditional" for his man, dubbed by us as "fit for a stained-glass window." Even the Chairman said he was "more than a chauffeur." He must be the Living Miracle.

"ANXIOUS" (Lambeth).—"Why should the girls have a mess room and not the boys? Our insides are no different to theirs." Yes, they are, my lad. And we are not going to "write an article about it," because you growl too soon.

B. B. (Brixton).—If the Admiralty has an instrument for detecting submarines at 20 miles distance, they will not be deterred from using it because each one costs £100

"BILL AND BOB" (Delamere).—"21 acres of Crown land here this year produced abundant wheat. The Crown Commissioners have commandeered it to plant firs." We would feed the fools on the fir-cones.

C. C. (Stanway).—Comfort yourself. Nobody "pinched the cover of your JOHN BULL to get the reward for the number." We remember that the number you forgot did not win a prize.

R. B. (H.M.T. ——).—"Each German hound will be a ghost That tries to land on England's coast, So here's to lads of the trawling host!" Right-o! Here's to them!

P. B. (Reading).—If a club has appointed a German and his wife as steward and stewardess, surely the members know what to do. If not, tell them.

"EX-DRIVER" (Wakefield).—You are the 19,736,421st man who wants us to raise his wages.

"SMOKER" (Baguley?).—"Please can you tell me who is making all the money out of matches?" What strikes us is that the match manufacturers aren't losing any.

"DISLOYAL" (Dublin) says, "We should welcome Conscription with open 'arms" No doubt; but while you were in Ireland, if we were the Government, you wouldn't have any arms.

O. (London).—When we beat the Germhuns down to the dust, we can get what terms of peace we please We certainly agree with you that as far as possible the Allys should not leave the Germhuns a single ship's bottom to do their dumping in.

"LOVER OF 'JOHN BULL'" (Ashford).—"Should the vicar, when walking in a street procession, lead the way or follow the choir, and shouldn't he go round the poor part of the town instead of the main street?" Speaking as ecclesiastical experts, we think vicars often avoid the poor parts and attend to the main chance.

"REGULAR" (Ripon).—What do you mean by "By-the-bye, can you get me a job as inspector of guns"? Pop off.

H. B. (Highgate).—The young officer escaped a lighting fine apparently because he *was* an officer. But they drop on to privates' wives. Still, we can't blame the officer for that.

T. W. (Liverpool).—"Getting the bird" means being hissed in public—hissed, not kissed. It is stage slang. A goose is a bird that hisses; when the actor or orator is hissed, he gets the bird. We do not speak from experience.

"A LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Liverpool).—We fail to see why the Assistant Superintendents of the Salvation Army Assurance Company should be exempted from military service. Far from being religiously employed, they are engaged in a business as sordid as that of any other insurance concern.

"JET" (Pitlochry) is convinced that "we *are* a nation of fools." So said another Scotsman, but he had bile.

"E. T. B."—Afraid we cannot offer you, as a journalist, much helpful advice. Upon a point of detail, however, there is no need to say, when approaching the end of an article that you are "drawing to a close." Any fool can see that for himself.

"DIFFERENT" (Brynamman).—"To foil submarines, build only small cargo boats, manned by a few. And cannot the periscope be foiled by enveloping a ship in a mirage or shadow?" What brains you bootmakers have—romance and sense combined!

"JOHN BULL" PENS. — Owing to postal pressure and the holiday season, there may be a delay of a few days in the receipt of these. In the circumstances, readers are requested to extend their forbearance.

A. W. (Bristol).—The National Labour Press, Ltd., ought to be kicked into Germhuny for printing and publishing such leaflets.

"OLDHAM."—Yours is a strange plan to help finish the war by "dropping pictures from aeroplanes on the German lines." We know every picture tells a story, but bombs speak plainer. And won't be argued with.

Y. E. (Hipperholme).—"Tell me the best way to get to know a certain person's address that I wish to correspond with." Write and ask him for it.

H. B. (Harrow).—"May I ask you to suppress my name and address?" Nothing on earth would induce us to print them at the present price of paper.

J. W. M. (Edinburgh).—If we expressed our innermost feelings about coal we should say something horrid.

J. T. H. (Llanelly) suggests that the £65 a year offered by the Carmarthenshire C.C. for a temporary clerk in the County Accountant's office is the limit. We shouldn't be surprised.

J. F. H. (Alexandra Park).—"Please let me know of a good cure for chilblains." One of the boys who lost his leg in France got rid of his chilblains at the same time.

B. B. (Camberwell).—"I say a Zeppelin came to London about 5 or 6 years ago, on a Sunday, and passed along the Old Kent Road about 1.15 p.m." Just a quarter of an hour after the pubs. opened. Looks suspicious.

S. H. (Faversham).—Sorry you have got into so much trouble merely through "going over the speed limit." Your employers seem to have regarded the offence as evidence of a fast disposition.

J. S. (Scartho).—Farm labourers, married, with families, on 15s. a week—and no war bonus! But still cheerful. It's the pluck in the race.

R. B. (Chatham).—So you expect us to pay you half-a-crown apiece for stories you have "copied out of a comic." Sanguine soul!

"CAPTAIN" (Hayling Island).—Naturally we should respect your wish for privacy. Call here any Sunday and you will be received in perfect silence.

"BOURNEMOUTH."—The Christmas card bought at a shop in your town the other day, and "Printed in Germany," may be old stock. The only remedy is for purchasers to examine thoroughly every card before parting up.

H. J. (Shoreham).—"If this is not worthy of 'Printer's Pie,' I will go plunk to Hell." *Bon voyage!*

MRS. JONES (Tunbridge Wells) thanks us for our recent article under the heading of "Stolen Crumbs," stating "What you have done for me by putting my case in JOHN BULL has restored my character more than the local Courts or papers could ever have done." We are only too pleased to have righted a wrong.

"ADMIRAL'S WIDOW."—You pay us a poor compliment in withholding your name for fear we should blazon it forth without sanction or excuse. How are we to know that your anonymous sermon is not an elaborate hoax?

"A SOLDIER'S MOTHER" (London) is cross because, answering a correspondent, we said that peace terms were not likely to be settled by the boys at the Front, but by the old ladies at the back. "Old ladies" was, of course, a general description of the late Government.

"JUROR."—Your suggestion that, for the swifter dispatch of legal business, jurymen should be recompensed out of counsel's fees, should be addressed, in the first instance, to the General Council of the Bar.

"KLAP" (Poole).—All Prusshuns are Germhuns, but not all Germhuns are Prusshuns.

G. W. (London, W.C.).—You are interested in a poor fellow who has "had the misfortune to lose both his legs through stepping on a rusty nail," and who has been "arrested on a charge of begging and remanded to get a job on munitions." He has been unsuccessful. Perhaps one of our kindly readers will come to his assistance?

"WORKING MAN VICTIM" (Hinckley).—"Warn women not to purchase pianos, sewing machines, etc., on the hire system from canvassers calling while the men are hard at work." No good wife would so betray her husband's trust.

"BLIND MASSAGE" (Ilfracombe).—We can quite sympathise with your feelings. It certainly seems cruel if the Kensington Gardens Nurses' Club refuse you because you are blind, although quite self-supporting.

MR. H. SAMUEL, whose headquarters are at Manchester, but who has branches throughout the country, naturally wishes to make it clear to our readers that he is in no way connected with Samuel's Watch Company, Ltd., of Gracechurch Street, etc., whose business we recently criticised in a paragraph entitled "Watch and Prey."

M. R.—"I have sent you a little poem. Apology for being wicked." You are all right, and your poetry is not "wicked." It's only atrocious.

"SATISFIED" (Bolton).—What we have said, we have said. We do not take our information from other papers. The firm we referred to was George H. Warwick, Birmingham—one of the largest in England. Have *you* any complaints?

J. W. (Forest Gate).—Christmas card, bought at a Stratford Bazaar, has the Union Jack gummed over "Printed in Germany." That's a new one on us.

"HUTCHER" (Newbury).—"Can you tell me where pigs are skinned?" Of course we can. Many a sucking pig is skinned on the Stock Exchange.

A. J. (Spalding).—Those "once-used" ammunition boxes! Spalding Workhouse has stacked the yard with them—for firewood; and other people build "quite smart pig-stics" with them. There's official economy for you!

"CURIOUS" (Pembroke).—"Having in my holding one penny dated 1864, how am I to be rid of same?" Drop it in the dock, or throw it over a house.

"PRIVATE" (E.M. Squadron) wants to know, if he had 24 eggs and 6 were stolen, how much tripe it would take to make an elephant a waistcoat? A trunk full.

H. E. H. (H.M.S. *Valiant*).—Since 1909 this journal has been posted to you to the China Station, S.E. Coast of America, and to nearly every seaport in the U.K., and only three copies have strayed. It shows how straight we go.

"HIRER OF CARMEN" (Southampton).—Cannot say how the "young carman" who stole the whisky contrived to keep his name out of the local newspaper report. Perhaps he had a friend at Court.

"A FEW READERS" (Edinburgh). — Your "Appeal" has been read and weighed. You "suppose we shall only laugh at it." We never laugh at sincerity and true feeling.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure, *even though you do not know a note of music now.* I teach more in a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. I have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as case may be.

A Typical Letter.

I have tried two other people's systems, but your first lesson taught me more than the whole of theirs.
Miss S. (Croydon).

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum .. .. .. 1 oz.
Orlex Compound .. a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(ADVT.)

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once.

Fill up form, and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists, and stores for 1/-

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.
Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL.

"BULLETS"—THE CHRISTMAS PASTIME!

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £200

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☞ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 28th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(218) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 218 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 28th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(218) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 28th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(218) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 219. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **219** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 219,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 219.

HAPPY NEW YEAR	THE WRONG GIRL	WHAT TOMMY DISLIKES	BROKEN DOWN
WELL DONE	BETTER OFF	CONTROLLING DRINK	A FAIR DECEIVER
AFTER THE PUDDING	HELPING HIM OUT	YOUNG POLICEMAN	FAST FAVOURITE
UNDER THE MISTLETOE	FATHER'S FANCY	A PRETTY STORY	PRINCIPAL BOY
CHRISTMAS CHEER	LITTLE TROUBLES	EXPECTING LITTLE	THE KAISER'S RESOLUTION

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Any four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 218.

ASKING FOR PEACE
BADLY DONE
A TRICKY PROPOSAL
BUSINESS GOVERNMENT
MY NEW YEAR'S WISH
DEALING WITH TINO
NOBODY LIKES
MAKES SERGEANT CROSS
STUFF AND NONSENSE
PRETTY AWKWARD
PLAYING THE CLOWN
TRYING TIME
A VAIN DREAM
FETCHING POLICEMAN
NURSING A GRIEVANCE
MOTHERS' MEETING
WHAT WILLIE WANTS
SLEEPING BEAUTY
NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY
POOR BARGAIN
SPENT WITH CARE
FATHER'S CHRISTMAS
I DON'T THINK
POOR DEVIL
WHEN WIFE KNOWS
HALF MEASURES
MERRY AND BRIGHT
SILLY CHAP
CARELESS MAID
THE KAISER LIKES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
SILLY CHAP
Bullet:—
STOOD DETECTIVE DRINK

Example:—
CARELESS MAID
Bullet:—
NOT ON MUNITIONS

Example:—
WHEN WIFE KNOWS
Bullet:—
HENPECK TREMBLES

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 13th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated December 23rd.

RESULT of "BULLETS" £1,000 Christmas Offer (Competition No. 216) will appear in Next Week's issue.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 28th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(218) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed

Address

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

WRITE YOUR "BULLET" WITH A 'John Bull' Pen

THE 'DE LUXE' MODEL

Beautifully chased and fitted with a 14-ct. Solid Gold nib, Iridium tipped. Readers say this Pen is equal to others for which they paid 17/6 each.

AN IDEAL GIFT

See page 20 for coupon.

Price with 1 coupon - - 3 6
" 13 coupons - - 2/6
Postage 2d.

For Presentation Purposes, fitted with two 18-ct. rolled Gold Bands, 1/6 extra.

Address: Manager, Pen Dept., 'John Bull,' 93, Long Acre, London, W.C

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of *specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. E. WILSON, 9, Comely Bank Grove, Edinburgh. November 18th. 152,673.

E. COWELL, Solway Villa, Annan, N.B. November 4th. 658,919.

W. THORNLEY, 13, Court Lane, Durham. November 25th. 631,786.

J. R. WATSON, 1, Rose Terrace, Langley Park, Co. Durham. November 25th. 682,143.

A. HARDY, 24, Dale Street, Middlesbro'. November 25. 699,284

Rfm. WELCH, 6th Corps Hqrs., France. November 25th. 027,380.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 16th.

003,273	329,391	596,823	893,924	A216,768
024,195	354,628	602,544	937,635	A265,942
088,595	365,752	640,130	960,877	A284,300
139,120	387,768	673,215	974,046	A300,021
157,183	403,124	735,258	A013,261	A357,578
176,637	411,258	761,244	A047,699	A372,689
192,114	472,934	779,649	A071,002	A428,964
214,089	520,637	825,970	A133,568	A469,726
231,180	545,321	843,309	A168,306	A541,662
290,223	567,400	859,283	A194,547	A573,010

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Dec. 27th.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 16th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 076,448 and A436,242. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge*, an *insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of ... **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... **£100**

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Dec 23rd, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*strike out one of these.*) Dec. 23rd, 1916

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

BLIGHTY

SERVICE SOUVENIR NUMBER.

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

A

XMAS NUMBER FROM THE TRENCHES

Every picture, every story, every poem, every joke, contributed or suggested by our men on active service. Men who have faced death in defence of the Motherland, some of whom have since laid down their lives. Quaint humour and intense pathos combine to make it the most unique Xmas number ever issued.

One of nearly 50 Sketches drawn by Men at the Front.

Angry voice (to Bugler, after five attempts at Reveille): "WHY DON'T YOU GO ROUND AND TELL 'EM?" *Pte. N. Kirby, R.A.M.C., Malta.*

The "Daily Telegraph" says:—

On sale this week is a remarkable literary curiosity—the Christmas number of "Blighty." It consists almost exclusively of sketches and stories done by men on active service, very few of them artists or writers by profession, and the result is surprisingly good. The unique feature of the number is its supplement, which is a reproduction of a scroll containing a "Christmas Greeting" specially written by the Poet Laureate and generously presented to the paper, and autographed by many famous people, who thus join in the message of love to the boys from the folks at home. Queen Alexandra heads the list, and following Her Majesty's signature are those of Viscount French, Sir John Jellicoe, Sir William Robertson, Sir David Beatty, Sir Douglas Haig, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and many other celebrities. The price of the number is 6d., and it is well worth it.

The "People" says:—

Our very excellent friend "Blighty" is going strong—very strong. Its ordinary numbers are good enough in all conscience, but its Christmas double number, which is just out, is really stunning. I have never seen anything better of its kind, and I would advise everyone who has relative or friend at the front to get a copy—no sixpence could be better spent—and send "Blighty" out there. Of course, every purchaser should go through it himself—or herself—first, otherwise a treat will be missed. I cannot attempt to recapitulate its contents, and I should not know where to begin picking out the best things, because they are all so best. The readers of "Blighty" have returned the compliment of the British Press by making up the Christmas number with their own original contributions, and the British Press must take off its hat to them.

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents. **6D. PER COPY 6D.** **Every Copy sold sends Three to the Trenches.**

Offices: 40, FLEET STRRET, LONDON, E.C.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.